Wit and Mirth.

AN

Antidote againſt Melancholy.

Compounded of

Ingenious and witty *Ballads*, *Songs*, and *Catches*, and other Pleaſant and *Merry Poems*.

The Third Edition, Enlarged with ſeveral New Songs *and* Catches.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. P.* and ſold by *Henry Playford*, near the *Temple* Church, 1684.

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John Emmerl

Wescomb

His Book

Give ~~[illegible]~~ given him by

Wil.m Wescom

Novem.r the 12

1747

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The Stationer to the Reader.

COURTEOUS READER,

IN this 3d Edition I have added many new and choice *Ballads, Songs and Catches*, which were not in the two former, not doubting but that they will be very acceptable to all ingenious Lovers of Poetry, there not being in any one Volume ſo ſmall the like variety of excellent *Poems*, ſuitable to every humour, except ſuch as delight only in ſeditious and ſcandalous Lampoons, or in debauch'd and obſcene Ribaldry. If any object, that many of theſe *Songs* are old, I anſwer, if they be ſo, yet notwithſtanding they are very good, and herein I imitate the Vintner, who preſents you with both old and new Wines, to gain your cuſtom and acceptance.

Your Servant,

H. P.

The Stationer on the Book.

THere's no Purge 'gainſt *Melancholy*,
But with *Bacchus* to be jolly;
All elſe are but Dregs of Folly.

Paracelſus wanted skill,
When he ſought to cure that Ill;
No *Pectorals* like the *Poets* Quill.

Here are *Pills* of every ſort,
For the *Country City Court*,
Compounded and made up of ſport.

If 'gainſt *Sleep*, and *Fumes* impure,
Thou, thy *Senſes* would'ſt ſecure,
Take this, *Coffee's* not half ſo ſure.

Wanteſt thou *Stomach* to thy Meat,
And would'ſt fain reſtore the heat?
This does it more than *Chocolet*.

Cures the *Spleen*, Revives the *Blood*,
Puts thee in a merry Mood,
Who can deny ſuch *Phyſick* good,

Nothing like to Harmleſs *Mirth*,
'Tis a Cordial on earth,
That gives *Society* a Birth.

Then be wiſe, and buy, not borrow,
Keep an *Ounce* ſtill for to Morrow,
Better than a *pound* of *Sorrow*.

H.

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A Catch.

Reader.

Since the finishing the last Sheet of this Book, a friend presented me with the following loyal Catch, which I as freely communicate to thee.

A CATCH.

COme here's to the Man that lives quiet,
And follows his own Occupation;
That saucily dares not to fly at,
The setled Estate of the Nation.

That never in Faction took pleasure,
Nor sign'd a Seditious Petition;
Whose Religion no Int'rest does measure,
Whose heart ne'r committed misprision.

But boldly dares own himself Loyal
To ev'ry Phanatical Rumper;
And to all of the Family Royal,
Most freely will take off his Bumper,

Pills to purge Melancholy.

The LEATHERN *BOTTLE.*

NOw God above that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein,
The Ships upon the Seas to Swim
To keep foes out they come not in:
Now every one doth what he can
All for the uſe and praiſe of Man,
I wiſh in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That firſt devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now what do you ſay to the Canns of wood?
Faith they are naught they cannot be good;
When a Man for Beer he doth therein ſend,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
The bearer ſtumbleth by the way,
And on the ground his Liquor doth lay,
Then ſtraight the Man begins to Ban,
And ſwear it 'twas long of the Wooden Can:
But had it bin in a Leather Bottel,
Although he ſtumbled all had bin well,
So ſafe therein it would remain,
Until the Man got up again.
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now for the Pots with handles three,
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of me;
When a Man and his Wife do fall at ſtrife,
As many I fear have done in their life,
They lay their hands upon the pot both,
And break the ſame though they were loth,
Which they ſhall anſwer another day,
For caſting their Liquor ſo vainly away;

But had it bin in a Bottle fill'd,
The one might have tugg'd the other have held,
They both might have tugg'd till their hearts did ake,
And yet no harm the Bottel would take.
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now what of the Flagons of Silver fine?
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
When a Noble-man he doth them ſend,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
The Man with his Flagon runs quite away,
And never is ſeen again after that day,
Oh then the his Lord begins to Ban,
And ſwears he hath loſt both Flagon and Man;
But it ne're was known that Page or Groom,
But with a Leathern Bottel again would come.
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you ſay to theſe Glaſſes fine?
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
When Friends are at a table ſet,
And by them ſeveral ſorts of meat;
The one loves Fleſh the other Fiſh,
Among them all remove a Diſh;
Touch but the Glaſs upon the brim,
The Glaſs is broke, no wine left in;
Then be your Table Cloth ne're ſo fine,
There lyes your beer, your Ale, your Wine,
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall abuſe,
A young man may his ſervice loſe.
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now when this Bottel is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold;
Out of the ſide you may cut a clout,
To mend your Shoo when worn out;
Or hang the other ſide on a pin,
'Twil ſerve to put many odd trifles in;
As Nayles, Auls, and Candles ends,
For young beginners need ſuch things:
I wiſh in Heaven his ſoul may dwell,
That firſt invented the Leathern Bottel.

The

The BLACK JACK.

TIs a pittiful thing that now aday's Sirs,
Our Poets turn Leather bottel praiſers;
But if a Leather theame they did lack,
They might better have choſen the bonny Black Jack;
For when they are both now well worn and decayd,
For the Jack than the Bottle much more may be ſaid;
And I wiſh his ſoul much good may partake,
That firſt devis'd the bonny black Jack.

And now I will begin to declare,
What the Conveniences of the Jack are;
Firſt when a gang of good fellows do meet,
As oft at a Fair or Wake you ſhall ſee't,
They reſolve to have ſome merry Carouſes,
And yet to get home in good time to their Houſes;
Then the bottle it runs as ſlow as my Rhyme,
With Jack they might have all bin drunk in good time.
And I wiſh his ſoul in peace may dwell,
That firſt devis'd that ſpeedy Veſſel.

And therefore leave off your twittle twattle,
Praiſe the Jack, praiſe no more the Leather bottle;
For the man at the bottle may dance till he burſt,
And yet not handſomely quench his thirſt;
The Maſter here at maketh great moan,
And doubts his bottle has a ſpice of the Stone;
But if it had bin a generous Jack,
He might have had currently what he did lack.
And I wiſh his ſoul in Paradice,
That firſt found out that happy device.

Be your Liquor ſmall or thick as Mudd,
The cheating Bottle that cries good, good;
Then the Maſter again begins to ſtorm,
Becauſe it ſaid more than it could perform;
But if it had bin in an honeſt black Jack,
It would have prov'd better to ſight, ſmell and ſmack.
And I wiſh his Soul in Heaven may reſt,
That added a Jack to Bacchus *his feaſt.*

No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle or Jugg,
Is half ſo fit, or ſo well can hold tugg;
For when a Man and his Wife play at thwak's,
Ther's nothing ſo good as a pair of black Jacks;
Thus to it they go, they ſwear and they curſe,
It makes them both better, the Jacks nere the worſe;
For they might have banged both til their hearts did ake,
And yet no hurt the Jacks could take.
And I wiſh his Heirs might have a penſion,
That firſt produc't that luckey Invention.

SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE
Suckt no wit from a Leather Bottle;
For ſurely I think a man as ſoon may,
Find a needle in a bottom of Hay;
But if the black Jack a man often toſs over,
'Twill make him as drunk as any Philoſopher;
When he that makes Jacks from a peck to a quart,
Conjures not, though he lives by the black Art;
And I wiſh his ſoul,&c.

Beſides my good Friend let me tell you, that Fellow,
That fram'd the Bottle, his brains were but ſhallow;
The caſe is ſo clear I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a nearer and deeper Invention,
When the bottle is cleaned the dreggs fly about;
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out;
But if in a Cannon bore Jack it had bin,
From the top to the bottom all might have bin clean;
And I wiſh his ſoul no comfort may lack,
That firſt devis'd the bounſing black Jack.

Your Leather bottle is us'd by no man,
That is a hairs breadth above a Plow-man;
Then let us gang to the Hercules Pillers,
And there viſit thoſe gallant Jack-ſwillers;
In theſe ſmall, ſtrong, ſower, ſweet, mild, ſtale,
They drink Orange, Lemon and Lambeth Ale:
The Chief of Heralds there allowes,
The Jack to be of the antienter houſe.
And may his ſucceſſors never want ſack,
That firſt devis'd the long leather Jack.

Then

Then for the bottle you cannot well fill it,
Without a tunnel, but that you muſt ſpill it;
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
Tis not ſo with a Jack, for it runs like a ſpout;
Then burn your bottle, what good is in it,
One cannot well fill it, nor drink nor clean it;
But if it had bin a jolly black Jack,
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good Tack,
And I wiſh his ſoul, &c.

He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a ſpark,
That were juſt ready cockt to ſhoot at a mark;
When the other thing up to the mouth it goes,
Makes a man look with a great bottle noſe;
All wiſe men conclude, that a Jack new or old,
Though beginning to leak is however worth gold;
For when the poor man on the way does trudge it,
His worn out Jack ſerves him well for a budget;
And I wiſh his Heirs may never lack Sack,
That firſt contrived the Leather black Jack.

When Bottle and Jack ſtand together fye on't,
The bottle looks juſt like a dwarf to a Gyant;
Then have we not reaſon the Jack for to chuſe,
For they can make Boots when the Bottle mends Shooes;
Or add but to every Jack a foot,
And every Jack becomes a Boot;
Then give me my Jack, ther's a reaſon why,
They have kept us wet and they'le keep us dry;
Now ſhould ceaſe but as I'm an honeſt man,
The Jack deſerves to be called Sir *JOHN.*
And may they nere want for belly nor back,
That keep up the Trade of the bonny black Jack.

The OLD GILL.

IF you will be ſtill,
Then tell you I will,
Of a lovely old Gill,
Dwelt under a hill:
Her Locks are like ſage,
That's well worn with Age,
And her Viſage would ſwage
A ſtout mans Courage.

Teeth yellow as Box,
Clean out with the Pox;
Her Breath ſmells like Lox,
Or unwiped Nocks:
She hath a deviliſh grin,
Long hairs on her chin,
To the foul footed Fien,
She is nearly a Kin.

She hath a beetle brow,
Deep Furrows enow,
She's ey'd like a Sow,
Flat nos'd like a Cow:
Lipps ſwarthy and dun,
A mouth like a Gun,
And her tattle doth run,
As ſwift as the Sun.

On her back ſtands a Hill,
You may place a Windmill,
And the Farts of her gill,
Will make the ſails trill:
Her neck is much like,
The foul ſwines in the Dike,
Againſt Crab-lice and Tike,
A blew pin in her pike.

Within

Within this Anno,
There dwells an Hurricano,
And the riſe of her Plano,
Vomits ſmoak like Vulcano:
But a pox of her twiſt,
It is alwayes bepiſt,
And the Devil's in his liſt,
That to her Mill brings griſt.

'Ware the dint of her dirt,
She will give you a flirt,
She has alwayes the ſquirt,
She is looſe and ungirt:
Want of Wind makes her pant,
Till ſhe fizzle and rant,
And the hole in her gant,
Is as deep as Levant.

Yea deep as any well,
A Furnace or Kell,
A Bottomleſs cell,
Some think it is Hell:
But I have ſpoken my fill,
Of my Lovely old Gill,
And 'tis taken ſo ill,
I'le throw by my Quill.

The PRODIGALS RESOLUTION, *or, My Father was born before me.*

I am a luſty Lively lad,
Now come to one and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver plenty:
Now Hee's in Grave I will be brave,
The Ladies ſhall adore me;
I'le court and kiſs, what hurt's in this?
My Dad did ſo before me.

My Father was a Thrifty Sir,
Till Soul and body ſundred,
Some ſay he was an Uſurer
For thirty in the Hundred:
He ſcrapt and ſcratcht, ſhe pinch't and patch't
That in her Body bore me;
But Ile let fly, good cauſe why,
My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his duty done
In getting ſo much Treaſure,
Ile be as dutifull a Son
For ſpending it in Pleaſure;
Five pound a quart, ſhall chear my heart,
Such Nectar will reſtore me,
But Ile let fly, good cauſe why,
My Father was born before me.

My Gran'um liv'd at *Waſhington*,
My Granſir delv'd in Ditches,
The Son of old *John Thraſhington*,
Whoſe Lanthorn Leathern Breeches,
Cry'd, whether go ye? whether go ye?
Though Men do now adore me;
They ne'r did ſee my Pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

My Gran'ſir ſtriv'd and wiv'd and thriv'd
Till he did Riches gather,
And when he had much wealth atcheiv'd,
Oh then he got my Father.
Of happy memory cry I,
That ere his Mother bore him,
I ne'r had been worth one penny
Had I been born before him.

To Freeſchool, *Cambridge*, and *Grays-Inn*,
My gray-coat Granſir put him,
Till to forget he did begin
The Leathern Breech that got him;

On(

One dealt in Straw, th'other in Law,
The one did ditch and delve it,
My Father ſtore of Sattin wore
My Granſir beggars Velvet.

So I get Wealth what care I if
My Granſir were a ſawyer,
My Father prov'd to be a chief
And ſubtile learned Lawyer:
By *Cooks Reports*, and tricks in Courts,
He did wiih Treaſure ſtore me,
That I may ſay, Heavens bleſs the day
My Fat her was born before me.

Some ſay, of late a Merchant that
Had gotten ſtore of Riches,
In's Dining-room hung up his Hat,
His ſtaff and leathern Breeches;
His ſtockings gartred up with ſtraw,
E re providence did ſtore him;
His ſon was Sheriff of London cauſe
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Cloathing,
At firſt did ſpring from Butter-milk,
Their Anceſtors worth nothing;
Old *Adam* and our Grandam *Eve*
By digging and by ſpining,
Did to all Kings and Princes give
Their Radicall Beginning.

My Father to get my Eſtate
Though ſelfiſh yet was flaviſh,
He ſpend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly laviſh;
From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves, he did
Litigiouſly receive it,
So he did, Juſtice forbid,
But I to ſuch ſhould leave it.

At Play-houſes and Tennis Court,
Ile prove a Noble Fellow,
Ile Court my Doxies to the ſport
Of o' brave Punchinello:
Ile Drink and Drab, Ile Dice and Stab,
No Hector ſhall out Rore me;
If teachers tell me tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our Aged Councelors would have
Us live by Rule and Reaſon,
Cauſe they are marching to their Grave
And pleaſure's out of ſeaſon:
Ile learn to Dance the Mode of *France*,
That Ladies may adore me;
My thrifty Dad no Pleaſure had,
Though he was born before me.

I'le to the Court, where *Venus* ſport
Doth Revel it in Plenty,
I le deal with all both great and ſmall,
From Twelve to Five and Twenty;
In Play-houſes I'le ſpend my days,
For they're hung round with Plackets;
Ladies make Room, behold I come,
Have at your Knocking Jackets.

The FOUR LEGGED ELDER, or a Horrible Relation of a Dog and an Elders Maid.

All Chriſtians and Lay-Elders too
For ſhame amend your Lives,
I'le tell you of a Dog-trick now
Which much concerns your Wives;
An Elder's Maid near *Temble-b*
(Ah what a quean was ſhe,)
Did take an ugly Maſtiff cur
Where Chriſtians uſe to be:

Help

Help Houſe of Commons, Houſe of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Aſſembly hath not ſate four years
Yet hath brought forth a Whelp.

One Evening late ſhe ſtept aſide
Pretending to fetch Eggs,
And there ſhe made her ſelf a Bride
To one that had four Leggs;
Her Maſter heard a Rumblement,
and wonder'd ſhe did tarry,
Not dreaming (without his Conſent)
His Dog would ever marry.
Help Houſe of Commons, &c.

He went to peep, but was afraid,
And haſtily did run,
To fetch a ſtaff to help his Maid,
Not knowing what was done:
He took his Ruling Elder's Cane
And cry'd out Help, Help here,
For *Swaſh* our Maſtiff, and poor *Jane*,
Are now fight Dog fight Bear.
Help houſe of Commons, &c.

But when he came he was full ſorry,
For he perceiv'd their ſtrife,
That according to the Directory
They two were Dog and Wife;
Ah (then ſaid he) Thou cruel quean
Why haſt thou me beguil'd?
I wonder'd *Swaſh* was grown ſo lean,
Poor Dog hee's almoſt ſpoyld.
Help Houſe of Commons, &c.

I thought thou hadſt no Carnal ſenſe,
But what's in other Laſſes;
And could have quench'd thy Cupiſcence,
According to the Claſſes;

But

But all the Pariſh ſee it plain,
Since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an Independant quean
And lov'ſt a Conventicle.
Help Houſe of Commons,&c.

Alaſs now each malignant Rogue
Will all the world perſwade,
That ſhe that's ſpouſe unto a Dog
May be an Elders Maid:
They'l jeer us if abroad wee ſtirr,
Good maſter Elder ſtay,
Sir of what Claſſes is your Curr,
And then what can we ſay?
Help Houſe of Commons,&c.

They'l many graceleſs Ballads ſing
of a *Presbyterian*,
That a Lay-Elder is a thing
Made up half Dog half Man:
Out, out (ſaid he and ſmote her down)
Was Mankind grown ſo ſcant,
There s ſcarce another Dog in Town
Had took the Covenant.
Help Houſe of Commons, &c.

Then *Swaſh* began to look full grim,
And *Jane* did thus reply,
Sir you thought nought too good for him,
You fed your Dog too high:
'Tis true, he took me in the lurch,
And leapt into my arm,
But (as I hope to come at Church)
I did your Dog no harm:
Help Houſe of Commons,&c.

Then ſhe was brought to Newgate Jayl
And there was naked ſtript,
They laſh't her till the cords did fail
As Dogs uſe to be whipt:

Poor

Poor City Maids ſhed many a tear
When ſhe was laſh't and bang'd,
And had ſhe bin a Cavalier,
Surely ſhe had been hang'd.
Help Houſe of Commons, &c.

Her's was but Fornication found,
For which ſhe felt the laſh,
But his was Buggary preſum'd,
Therefore they hanged *Swaſh*:
What will become of *Biſhops* then
Or Independencie,
For now we find both Dogs and Men
Stand for Presbyterie.
Help houſe, &c.

He might have took a Sow-gelder
With Sinod-men good ſtore,
But ſhe would have a Lay-Elder
With two Leggs and two more:
To tell the Aſſembly of Divines
Tell *Adoniram* blew,
Tell *Burgeſs*, *Marſhal*, *Caſe* and *Vines*,
Tell now and anon too.
Help Houſe, &c.

me ſaid ſhe was a *Scottiſh* Girl
Or elſe (at leaſt) a Witch,
t ſhe was born in *Colcheſter*,
Was ever ſuch a Bitch:
ke heed all Chriſtian Virgins now
The Dog-ſtar now prevails,
dies beware your Monkeys too
For Monkeys have long tayles.
Help Houſe, &c.

ſs King and Queen, and ſend us peace
As we had ſeven years ſince,
we remember'd no Dog-days
While we enjoy'd our Prince:

Bleſs

Bleſs ſweet Prince CHARLES, Two Dukes, Three Girles,
Lord ſave his Majeſtie,
Grant that his Commons, Lords and Earls,
May lead ſuch lives as he.
Help Houſe of Commons, Houſe of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Aſſembly hath not ſate four years,
yet hath brought forth a Whelp.

The Colcheſter QUAKER, *who attempted To Buggar a* Mare *near* Colcheſter.

ALl in the Land of *Eſſex*
Near *Colcheſter* the Zealous,
On the ſide of a Bank
Was plaid ſuch a prank,
As would make a ſtone-horſe jealous.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Nayler*,
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion:
Now alas what hope
Of Converting the Pope
When a *Quaker* turns *Italian*?

Unto our whole Profeſſion
A ſcandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk't with diſdain
Amongſt the Profane
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

And in the good time of Chriſtmas
Which though the Saints have damn'd all,
Yet when they did hear
Of a damn'd Cavalier
E're play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas Gamball.

Ha

Had thy fleſh o' *Green* been pamper'd
With any Creature unhallowed,
Hadſt thou ſweetned thy Gum's
With Pottage of Plums,
Or profane Mince-Pye had'ſt ſwallow'd,

Roll'd up in wanton ſwines Fleſh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee,
Then fullneſs of Gut
Might have made thee Rut
And the Devil ſo have rid through thee.

But alaſs he had been Feaſted
With a ſpiritual collation,
By our Frugall Mayor,
Who can Dine with a Prayer
And ſup with an Exhortation.

'Twas meer impulſe of ſpirit
Though he us'd the weapon Carnall,
Filly Foal, quoth he,
My bride thou ſhalt be;
Now how this is lawfull learn all.

For if no reſpect of perſons
Be due 'mongſt the Sons of *Adam*,
In a large extent
It may be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as Madam.

Then without more Ceremony,
No Bonnet vail'd, nor Kiſt her,
He took her by force
For better for worſe
And he us'd her like a Siſter.

Now when in ſuch a ſaddle
A ſaint will needs be riding,
Though I dare not ſay
'Tis a falling away
May there not be ſome backſliding?

No ſurely, quoth *James Naylor*,
'Twas but an Inſurrection
Of the Carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never loſe Perfection.

For ſo our Maſters teach us,
The Intent being well directed,
Though the Devil trapan
The Adamical man,
The Saint ſtands un-infected.

But yet a Pagan Jewry
Still Judges what's intended,
Then ſay what we can
Brother *Green*'s outward man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

And our Adopted Siſter
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we inroul
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall paſs at leaſt for a Martyr.

Now *Rome* that ſpiritual *Sodom*
No longer is thy Debter,
Oh *Colcheſter* now
Who's *Rome* but thou,
Even according to the Letter.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Naylor*
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallian,
Now alas what hope
Of Converting the pope
When a Quaker turns *Italian*?

The THREE SERVING-MEN.

WHen *Arthur* firſt in Court began
To wear long Hanging-ſleeves,
He entertain'd three *Serving men*
And all of them were Theives.

The firſt he was an *Iriſh-man*,
The ſecond was a *Scot*,
The third he was a *Welch-man*,
And all were Knaves I wot.

This *Iriſh-man* lov'd *Uſquebah*,
The *Scot* lov'd Ale call'd *Blew-Cap*;
The *Welch-Man* he lov'd toaſted Cheeſe,
And made his mouth like a Mouſe-trap.

Uſquebah burnt the *Iriſh-Man*,
The *Scot* was drown'd in Ale,
The *Welch-man* was like be choak't with a Mouſe
But he pull'd her out by the tayle.

The OLD-MAN *and* YOUNG-WIFE.

THere was an Old-man and a Jolly Old-man
Come love me where as I lay,
And he would marry a fair young Wife
The clean contrary way.

He Woo'd her to wed, to wed,
Come love me whereas I lay,
And after ſhe kick't him out of the bed
The clean contrary way.
Then for her dinner ſhe looked due
Come love me where as I lay,
Or ſhe would make her Husband rue
The clean contrary way,

She proved a gallant Houſwife ſoon,
Come love me whereas I lay,
She was every morning up by noon
The clean contrary way.

She made him go waſh and wring,
Come love me whereas I lay,
And every day to Dance and Sing
The clean contrary way.

She made him do a worſe thing than this,
Come love me whereas I lay,
To Father a Child was none of his
The clean contrary way.

The PUDDING.

FRom twelve years old, I oft have been told
A Pudding it was a delicate bit,
I can remember my Mother has ſaid
what a delight ſhe had to be fed
With a Pudding.

Thirteen being paſt, I long'd for to taſt
What Nature or Art could make ſo ſweet,
For many gay Laſſes about my age
Perpetually ſpeak on't, that puts me in a rage
For a Pudding.

Now at Fifteen I often have ſeen
Moſt Maids to admire it ſo,
That their humour and pride is to ſay
O what a delight they have for to play
With a Pudding.

When I am among ſome wives that are young,
Who think they ſhall never give it due praiſe,
It is ſweet, It is good, 't is pleaſant ſtill
They cry, they think they ſhall ne'r have their fill
Of a Pudding.

The greater ſort of the Town and the Court,
When met, their tongues being tip't with Wine,
How merry and Jocund their Tattles do run
To tell how they ended and how they begun
With a Pudding.

Some antient Wives, who moſt of their lives
Have daily taſted of the like food,
Now for want of ſupplies do ſwear and grumble;
That ſtill they'r able enough, to mumble
A Pudding.

Now, now I find, cat will to kind
Since all my heart and blood is on fire,
I am reſolv'd what ever comes on't
My Fancy no longer ſhall ſuffer the want
Of a Pudding,

For I'le to *John* who ſays he has one
That's cram'd as cloſe as Cracker or Squib,
Who ever is telling me when we do meet
Of the wiſhing deſires and ſweetneſs they get
In a Pudding.

I thought at firſt, It never would burſt,
It was as hard as griſſel or bone,
But by the rouling and trowling about
How kindly and ſweetly the Marrow flew out
Of his Pudding.

Well, ſince I ne'r, was fed with ſuch geer,
Untill my *John* did prove ſo kind,
I made a requeſt to prepare again
That I might continue in Love with the ſtrain
Of his Pudding.

Then ſtraight he brought, what I little thought
Could ever have been in its former plight,
He rumbl'd and jumbled me ore and ore
Till I found he had almoſt waſted the ſtore
Of his Pudding.

Then the other meſs, I begg'd him to dreſs,
Which by my Aſſiſtance was brought to paſs,
But by his dulneſs and moving ſo ſlow
I quickly perceiv'd the ſtuffing grew low
In his Pudding.

Though he grew cold, my Stomach did hold
With vigor to reliſh the other bit,
But for all he could do, could not furniſh agen,
For he ſwore he had left little more than the skin
Of his Pudding.

The SPANISH ARMADO.

SOme years of late in Eighty Eight
As I do well remember,
It was ſome ſay the Nineteenth of *May*,
But ſome ſay of *September*.
The *Spaniſh* Train lanch'd forth a main
With many a fine Bravado,
Their (as they thought) but it prov'd not
Invincible *Armado*.

There was a little man that dwelt in *Spain*
Who ſhot well in a Gun-a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
As the Knight of the Sun-a:
King *Philip* made him Admiral
And bid him not to ſtay-a,
But to deſtroy both Man and Boy
And ſo to come his way-a.

Their Navy was well victualled
With Bisket Peaſe and Bacon,
They brought two Ships full fraught with Whips,
But I think they were miſtaken:

Their Men were young, Munition ſtrong,
And to do us more harm-a,
They thought it meet, to joyn their fleet
All with the Prince of *Parma.*

They Coaſted round about our Land
And ſo came in by *Dover,*
But we had Men, ſoon ſet on them
And threw the Raſcals over:
The Queen was then at *Tilbury*
What could we more deſire-a,
Sir *Francis Drake,* for her ſweet ſake
Did ſet them all on fire-a.

When ſtraight they fled by Sea and Land
So that one Man kill'd three ſcore-a,
But had not they all ran away
O'my Soul he had killed more-a:
But let them neither brag nor boaſt
But if they come agen-a,
Let'em take heed, they do not ſpeed
As they did they know when-a.

Of the BLACK-SMITH.

OF all the trades that ever I ſee,
Ther's none to a *Black-ſmith* compared may be,
With ſo many ſeveral tools works he,
Which no body can deny.

The firſt that ever Thunder-bolt made,
Was a *Cyclops* of the *Black-ſmith*'s trade,
As in a learned Author is ſaid,
Which no body can deny.

When Thundring-like we ſtrike about,
The Fire like lightning flaſhes out,
Which ſuddenly with water we dout,
Which no body can deny.

The Faireſt Goddeſs in the Skies,
To marry with *Vulcan* did adviſe,
And he was a *Black-ſmith* grave and wiſe,
Which no body can deny.

Vulcan He to do her right,
Did build her a town by Day and by Night,
And gave it a name which was *Hammer-ſmith* hight,
Which no body can deny.

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Eſtate he would appoint her,
And leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter.
Which no body can deny.

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a Fort you'd wiſh no ſtronger,
Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which no body can deny.

Smithfield he did cleanſe from Dirt,
And ſure there was great Reaſon for't,
For their he meant ſhe ſhould keep her Court,
Which no body can deny.

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the *Black-ſmith* rectifi'd,
To the honour of *Edmond Iron-ſide*;
Which no body can deny.

Vulcan after made a train,
Wherein the God of War was ta'n,
Which ever ſince hath been call'd *Pauls-Chain*;
Which no body can deny.

The Common Proverb as it is read,
That a man muſt hit the Nail on the head,
Without the *Black-ſmith* cannot be ſaid;
Which no body can deny.

Another muſt not be forgot,
And fall's unto the *Black-ſmiths* lot,
That a man ſtrike while the *Iron* is hot;
Which no body can deny.

Another comes in moſt proper and fit,
The *Black-Smiths* Juſtice is ſeen in it,
When you give a man roſtmeat and beat him with the ſpit;
Which no body can deny.

Another comes in our *Black-ſmiths* way,
When things are ſafe, as old wives ſay,
We have them under lock and key,
Which no body can deny.

Another that's in the *Black-ſmiths* books,
And only to him for remedy looks,
Is when a man's quite off the hooks,
Which no body can deny.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore let's do the *Black-ſmith* no wrong,
When a man's held hard to it, buckle and thong,
Which no body can deny.

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the *Black-ſmith* may challenge half,
When a Reaſon's as plain as a Pike-ſtaff;
Which no body can deny.

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,
And by long pleading, a good Cauſe may mar,
Yet your *Black-ſmith* takes more pains at the Bar;
Which no body can deny,

Though your Scrivener ſeeks to cruſh and to kill
By his counterfeit deeds and thereby doth ill,
Yet your *Black-ſmith* may forge what he will;
Which no body can deny.

Though your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
And laugh at their creditors, and their catch-poles,
Yet your *Black-ſmith* can fetch them over the coals,
Which no body can deny.

Though *Fockey* in the ſtable be never ſo neat
To look to his Nag, and preſcribe him his meat,
Yet your *Black-ſmith* knows better how to give him a heat;
Which no body can deny.

If any Taylor have the itch,
The *Black-ſmiths* water as black as pitch,
Will make his hands go thorough ſtitch;
Which no body can deny.

There's never a ſlut if filth o're ſmutch her,
But owes to the *Black-ſmith* for her leacher.
For without a pair of tongs there's no man would touch her;
which no body can deny.

Your Roring boys who every one quails,
Fights, domineers, ſwaggers and rails,
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his Nails;
which no body can deny.

If a *Scholar* be in doubt,
And cannot well bring his matter about,
The *Black-ſmith* can Hammer it out;
which no body can deny.

Now if to know him you would deſire,
You muſt not Scorn but rank him higher,
For what he gets is out of the fire;
which no body can deny.

Now here's a good health to *Black-ſmiths* all,
And let it go round, as round as a ball;
Wee'l drink it all off, though it coſt us a ſall,
which no body can deny.

The BREWER.

THere's many Clinching verſe is made
In honour of the *Black-ſmiths* trade,
But more of the *Brewer* may be ſaid;
which no body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The *Black-ſmith* cannot be compleat,
Unleſs the Brewer do give him a heat;
which no body can deny.

When Smug unto the Forge doth come,
Unleſs the Brewer doth liquor him home,
He'l never ſtrike, my pot, and thy pot, *Tom*;
which no body can deny.

Of all profeſſions in the town
The Brewers trade hath gain'd renown,
His liquor reacheth up to the Crown;
which no body can deny.

Many new Lord from him there did ſpring,
Of all the trades he ſtill was their King,
For the Brewer had the world in a ſling;
which no body can deny.

He ſcorneth all laws and Marſhal ſtops,
But whips an Army as round as tops;
And cuts off his foes as thick as hops;
which no body can deny.

He dives for Riches down to the bottom,
And cries my Maſters, when he has got um,
Set every tub ſtand upon his own bottom;
which no body can deny.

In warlike acts he ſcorns to ſtoop,
For when his army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a hoop;
which no body can deny.

The

The Jewiſh *Scot* that ſcorns to Eat
The fleſh of Swine, and brewers beat,
'Twas the ſight of his Hogs-head made um retreat;
which no body can deny.

Poor *Jockey* and his basket hilt
Was beaten, and much blood was ſpilt,
And their bodies like barrels did run a tilt:
which no body can deny.

Though *Jemmy* gave the firſt aſſault,
The Brewer at laſt made him to halt,
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt;
which no body can deny.

They cry'd that Antichriſt came to ſettle
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,
For his Noſe and Copper were both of one mettle;
which no body can deny.

Some Chriſtian Kings began to quake,
And ſaid with the Brewer no quarrel wee'l make,
Wee'l let him alone, as he brews let him bake;
which no body can deny.

He hath a ſtrong and very ſtout heart,
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,
But the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart;
which no body can deny.

If any intended to do him diſgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He always did carry his Furnace in his face;
which no body can deny.

But yet by the way you muſt underſtand
He kept his Foes ſo under command,
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand;
which no body can deny.

e was a ſtout Brewer ofwhom we may brag;
ut now he is hurried away with a hag,
e brews in a bottle and bakes in a bag;
which nobody can deny,

nd now may all ſtout Souldiers ſay,
arewell the glory of the day,
or the Brewer himſelf is turn'd to clay;
which no body can deny,

hus fell the brave Brewer the bold ſon of ſlaughter,
Ve need not to fear, what ſhall follow after,
or he dealt all his time in fire and water.
which no body can deny,

nd if his ſucceſſor had had but his might,
hen we had not bin in a pitiful plight,
ut he was found many grains too light;
which no body can deny.

et's leave off ſinging, and drink off our bub,
Vee'l call up a Reck'ning, and every man club;
or I think I have told you a tale of a tub;
which nobody can deny.

A Parly, between two WEST-COUNTRIMEN *on ſight of a* WEDDING.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
O things beyond compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing Croſs*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our hay,
There is a Houſe with ſtairs;

And

And there did I ſee coming down,
Such Volk as are not in our town,
Vortie at leaſt in pairs.

Amongſt the reſt one peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſs him)'twould undo him
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a-Park without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the maids i'th Town;
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what; the youth was going
To make an end of his woing,
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſt)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a Maid no Whitſon-Ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colts neck.

Her

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But *Dick* ſhe dances ſuch a way,
No Sun upon an Eaſter day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not ſhe was ſo nice,
She would not do't in ſight;
And then ſhe lookt as who would ſay,
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes compariſon
(Who ſees them is undone:)
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there;
Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
The ſide that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her Chin:
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly:)
But (*Dick*) her Eyes ſo guard her Face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get;
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin
The Parſon himſelf had guilty bin,
(She lookt that day ſo purely)
And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Paſſion, oh me! how I run on!
Ther's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) beſides the Bride.
The buſineſs of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice;
And all the Waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey;
Each Serving man with diſh in hand
Marcht boldly up like our Train-band,
Preſented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was
Before the Parſon could ſay grace,
The company was ſeated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouſe;
Healths firſt go round and then the Houſe;
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth;
(And who could help it, *Dick?*)

O'th ſuddain up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again, and ſigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiſs:
Thus ſev'ral ways the time did paſs,
Whil'ſt every woman wiſht her place,
And every man wiſht his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide,
To councell and undreſs the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But 'twas thought he gueſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay
Like new-fallen snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kisses were now the onely stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say
God B'w'y'! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it
In came the Bride-maids with the Posset,
The Bride-groom eat in spight;
For had he left the women to't;
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out and now,
All that they had not done they do;
What that is, you can tell;
But I believe it was no more,
Than thou and I have done before
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

Saint *GEORGE* for *England*.

WHy should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights?
We know how many men have perform'd fights;
r why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
r Sir *Trestram du Leon* that sought for the Ladyes sake?
ead old stories, and there you'l see
ow St. *George*, St. *George*, did make the dragon flee:
St. *George* he was for *England*, St, *Denis* was for *France*,
Sing *Honi soit qui Mal y pense*.

o speak of the *Monarchy*, it were too long to tell;
nd likewise of the *Romans*, how far they did excel,
nnibal and *Scipio*, they many a field did fight,
lando Furioso he was a valiant Knight,
mulus and *Remus* were those that *Rome* did build;
t St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he hath kill'd:
St. *George* he was &c.

Jephthe

Jephtha and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,
The *Gibionites* and *Ammonites* they put them all to flight;
Hercules Labour was in the Vale of Braſs,
And *Sampſon* ſlew a thouſand with the Jaw-bone of an Aſs,
And when he was blind, pull'd the Temple to the ground:
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon did confound:
St. *George* he was *&c.*

Valentine and *Orſon* they came of *Pipin*'s blood,
Alphred and *Aldrecus* they were brave Knights and good;
The four ſons of *Amuon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,
Sir *Hugh de Burdeaux* and *Godfry de Bolaigne*,
Theſe were all *French* Knights the *Pagans* did convert,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragons heart:
St. *George* he was, *&c.*

Henry the fifth he Conquered all *France*,
He quartered their Arms, his Honour to advance,
He razed their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
And garniſhed his Head with a double triple Crown;
He thumped the *French*, and after home he came!
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath ſlain:
St. *George* he was, *&c.*

St. *David* you know, loves *Leeks* and toſted *Cheeſe*,
And *Jaſon* was the man brought home the *Golden-Fleece*;
St. *Patrick* you know he was St. *Georges* Boy,
Seven years he kept his Horſe and then ſtole him away;
For which Knaviſh act a ſlave he doth remain;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he hath the Dragon ſlain.
St. *George* he was, *&c.*

Tamberl ane the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown,
With his bloody Flags diſplay'd before the Town;
Scanderbeg Magnanimous *Mahomets Baſhaws* did dread,
Whoſe Victorious Bones were worn when he was dead;
His *Beglerbegs*, his Corn like drags, *George Caſtriot* was he call'd,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath mauld:
St. *George* he was, *&c.*

Ottoman the *Tartar*, *Cham* of *Persia*'s race,
The great *Mogul*, with his Chests so full of all his Cloves and Mace;
The *Grecian* Youth *Bucephalus* he manly did bestride,
But these with all their worthies Nine, St. *George* did them deride;
Gustavus Adolphus was *Swedelands* Warlike King,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragons sting:
St. *George*, he was, *&c.*

Pendragon and *Cadwallader* of *British* blood do boast,
Tho *John* of *Gant* his foes did launt, St. *George* shall rule the roast;
Agamemnon and *Cleomedon* and *Macedon* did feats,
But compared to our Champion they were but meerly cheats;
Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* fights, their brandisht swords outdrew;
But St. *George* met the Dragon and ran him through and through:
St. *George* he was, *&c.*

Judea the Amazon, *Photius* overthrew,
As fierce as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen* or *Jew*;
The potent *Holophernes* as he lay in his bed,
Became wise *Judith* and subtilly stole away his head;
Brave *Cyclops* stout, with *Jove* he fought, although he showr'd down Thunder;
But St. *George* kill'd the Dragon and was not that a wonder!
St. *George* he was, *&c.*

Mark Anthony, I'le warrant you, plaid feats with *Egypts* Queen,
Sir *Egla More* that valiant Knight, the like was never seen,
Grim *Gorgons* might was known in fight, old *Bevis* most men frighted.
The *Myrmidons* and *Presbyter John*, why were not these men knighted;
Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Nassau* did it recover,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he turn'd the Dragon over and over:
St. *George* he was for *England*, St. *Denis* was for *France*,
Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense*.

The BULLS FEATHER.

IT chanc'd not long ago, as I was walking,
An Eccho did bring me where two were a talking,
'Twas a man ſaid to his wife, Dye I had rather,
Then to be cornuted and wear the *Bulls Feather.*

Then preſently ſhe reply'd, Sweet art thou Jea'ous?
Thou canſt not play *Vulcan* before I play *Venus*;
Thy fancies are Fooliſh, ſuch follies to gather:
There's many an honeſt man has worn the *Bulls Feather.*

Though it be inviſible let no man it ſcorn,
Though it be a new Feather made of an old horn;
He that diſdains it in heart or mind either,
May be the more ſubject to wear the *Bulls Feather.*

He that lives in diſcontent or deſpair,
And feareth falſe meaſure becauſe his wife's fair,
His thoughts are Inconſtant, much like to Winter weather:
Though one or two want it, he ſhall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are common, as *Ergo* in Schools,
And only contemned by thoſe that are Fools;
Why ſhould a *Bulls Feather* cauſe any unreſt,
Since Neighbours Fare always is counted the beſt?

Thoſe Women wh'are Faireſt, are likely to give it,
And Husbands that have them, are apt to believe it;
Some men though their Wives ſhould ſeem for to Tedder,
They would play the Kind Neighbour, and give the *Bulls Feather*

Why ſhoul'd we repine, that our Wives are ſo Kind,
Since we that are Husbands are of the ſame mind;
Shall we give them *Feathers*, and think to go free,
Believe it, Believe it, that hardly will be.

For he that diſdains my *Bulls Feather* to day,
May light of a Laſs that will play him foul play;
There's never a Gallant that treads on Cows Leather,
But he may be cornuted and wear the *Bulls Feather.*

Though

Though Beer of that Brewing I never did drink,
Yet be not diſpleas'd if I ſpeak what I think,
Scarce ten in a Hundred, believe it, believe it,
But either they'l have it, or elſe they will give it.

Then let me adviſe all thoſe that do pine,
For fear that falſe Jealouſie ſhorten their time,
This diſeaſe will Torment them worſe than a Feaver,
Then let all be contented to wear the *Bulls Feather.*

Old ENGLAND turn'd NEW.

YOu talk of *New England*, I truly believe
Old England is grown New, and doth us deceive;
I'le ask you a Queſtion or two, by your leave;
And is not old England grown new.

Where are your old Souldiers with Slaſhes and Scars,
They never us'd Drinking in no time of Wars,
Nor Shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jars:
And is not old England, &c.

New Captains are made that never did Fight,
But with Pots in the Day, and Punks in the Night,
And all their chief Care is to keep their Swords bright;
And is not old England, &c.

Where are your old Swords, your Bills, and your Bowes,
Your Bucklers and Targets that never fear'd Blowes?
They are turn'd to Stiletto's with other fair Showes:
And is not old England, &c.

Where are your Old Courtiers that uſed to Ride
With Forty Blew-coats and Foot-men beſide?
They are turn'd to Six Horſes, a Coach, with a guide:
And is not old England, &c.

And what is become of our old *English* Cloathes,
Your long ſleev'd Doublet and your Trunk Hoſe?
They are turn'd to French Faſhions and other gugaws:
And is not old England, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor ſome half a year together
To fit a new Sute to a new Hat and Feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloth, Stuff or Leather:
And is not old England, &c.

We have New faſhion'd Beards, and new faſhion'd Locks,
And new faſhion'd Hats, for your new pated Blocks,
And more New Diſeaſes, beſides the *French* POX;
And is not old England, &c.

New Houſes are built, the old ones pulled down,
Untill the new Houſes ſell all the old ground,
And the Houſes ſtand like a Horſe in the Pound;
And is not old England, &c.

New faſhions in Houſes, new faſhions at Table,
Old Servants diſcharg'd and new not ſo able,
And all good old cuſtomes is but a Fable;
And is not old England, &c.

New trickings, new Goings, new Meaſures, new Paces;
New Heads for men, for your women new Faces,
And twenty new tricks to mend their bad caſes;
And is not old England, &c.

New tricks in the Law, new tricks in the Rouls,
New Bodies they have, they look for new Souls,
When the money is paid for building old *Pauls*,
And is not old England, &c.

Then talk you no more of *New England*,
New England is where *old England* did ſtand,
New Furniſh'd, new Faſhion'd, new Woman'd, new Man'd;
And is not old England grown new?

The North-Countrymans *Song on his View of* London *Sights.*

WHen Ize came firſt to *London-Town*,
Ize wor a Noviz, as many mo men are,
Ize thought the King had liv'd at the Crown,
And all the way to Heaven had been through the Star.

Ize ſet up my Horſe, and Ize went to Powles,
Uds nigs quoh I, what a Kirk bee th here,
Then Ize did ſwear by all Kerſon ſouls,
It wor a mile long or very near.

The top wor as high as any Hill,
A Hill quo I, nay as a Mountain;
But Ize went up with very good will,
But gladder was I to come down again.

For as I went up my Head ga round;
Then be it known to all Kurſon people,
A man is no little way fro the Ground;
When he's o' the top of *Pauls Steeple.*

Ize lay down my Hat and Ize went to pray,
But wor not this a pitifull caſe?
A vor Ize had done it wor ſtolen away;
Who'd a thought Theeves had been in that place?

Now vor my Hat Ize made great moan,
A ſtander by then to me zaid,
Thou dust not obſerve the Scripture aright;
For thou mun a watcht as well as pray d.

From thence to *Weſtminſter* Ize went
Where many a brave Lawyer Ize did zee,
But zome there had a bad intent;
I'm zure my Purſe was ſtoln from me.

Now

Now to zee the Tombs was my desire,
Ize went with many brave fellows store,
Ize gave them a Penny that was their hire,
And he's but a Fool that will give any more.

Then through the Roomes the Fellow me led,
Where all the Zights wor to be zeen,
And snuffling told me through the Nose,
What formerly the Names of those had been.

Here Lyes, quoth he, *Henry* the Third,
Thou ly's like a Knave, he zays never a word;
And here lyes *Richard* the Second Interr'd,
And here stands good King *Edward*'s Sword.

And under this Chair lyes *Jacobs* Stone,
The very same stone is now in the Chair;
A very good jest, had *Jacob* but one?
How got he so many Sons without a pair?

Iz stai'd not there, but down with the Tide,
Iz' made great hast, and Iz' went my way,
For Iz' was to zee the Lions beside,
And the *Paris-Garden* all in a day.

When Ize came there, I was in a Rage,
Ize ray'ld on him that kept the Bears,
Instead of a stake, was suffered a stage,
And in *Hunks* his house a Crew of Players.

Then through the Bridge to the Tower Iz' went,
With much ado Ize ent'rd in,
And after a Penny that I had spent,
One with a loud voyce did thus begin:

This Lion's the Kings and that is the Queens,
And this is the Princes that stands here by,
With that I went near to look in the Den,
Cods body! quoth he, why come you so nigh?

Ize made great hast unto my Inn,
Iz' Zupt and I went to bed betimes,
Ize Zlept, and Iz' Dream'd what I had Zeen,
And wak'd again by *Cheap-side* Chimes.

NEWS and no NEVVS.

VVHite Bears are lately come to Town,
That s no News,
And Cuckolds Dogs ſhall pull them down,
That's no News,
Ten Dozen of Capons ſold for a Crown,
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Jackanapes at a Merchants dore,
That's no News,
An *Iriſhman* in an Alehouſe ſcore,
That's no News,
A *Graveſend* Barge without a Whore,
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Fizling Cur in a Ladies lap,
That's no News,
And Feathers wagging in a Fools Cap,
That's no News,
A Lyon caught in a Mouſe-trap,
Hey ho, that's News in deed.

A Roring Gallant not to thrive,
That's no News,
A Drone to rob the poor Bees Hive,
That's no News,
A Parſons Wife not apt to S——
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Taylor brisk in gaudy Clothes,
That's no News,
A *Frenchman* ſtradling as he goes,
That's no News.
A Drunkard without a Copper-Noſe,
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Sattin Suite without a Page,
That's no News;

A Raylng Poet or'e the ſtage,
That's no News;
A Rich man honeſt in this Age,
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Petty-fogger, brib'd with fees,
That's no News,
A *Welſhman* Cram'd with toaſted Cheeſe,
That's no News,
A Lad and a Laſs in Bed to Freeze;
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

A Lawyer to turn Hypocrite
That's no News;
A Bailiff to Arreſt a Knight,
That's no News;
A Court without a Paraſite:
Hey ho, that's News indeed.

Before my News be over ſlipt,
That's no News,
I wiſh all Knaves from *London* ſhipt,
That's no News;
And all the Whores in Bridewell whipt:
Hey ho, 'Twere News indeed.

The GELDING *of the* DEVIL.

NOw liſten a while and I will you tell
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
And *Dick* the *Baker* of *Mansfield* Town,
To *Manchester* market he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
This *Baker* rid on with a merry chear:
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy Horſe ſo fair and fat?
In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay,
Becauſe his ſtones were cut away.

For

For he that will have a Gelding free,
Both fair and lusty he must be:
Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou do't go.

Go tie thy Horse unto a tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me.
The *Baker* had a knife of Iron and Steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell.
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit for to cut any manner of stones:
The *Baker* being lighted from his Horse,
Cut the Devils stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil beshrow thy heart
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this same day sevennight.
The *Baker* hearing the words he said,
Within his heart was sore afraid;
He hied him to the next market town
To sell his bread both white and brown.

And when the market was done that Day,
The Baker went home another way.
Unto his wife he then did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
Nay, a wondrous word I heard him say,
He would geld me next market day;
Therefore wife I stand in doubt.
Ide rather, quoth she thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'de rather thou should break thy Neck bone,
Then for to lose any manner of stone,
For why 'twil be a loathsome thing,
When every Woman shall call thee Gelding.
Thus they continu'd both in fear
Untill the next market day drew near.
Well quoth the good wife well I wot,
Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

Thy

Thy Hose thy Shoon and Cap also,
And I like a man to the Market will go:
Then up she got her all in hast,
With all her bread upon her beast;
And when she came to the hill side,
There she saw two Devils abide,
A little Devil for and another,
Lay playing under the Hill side together.

Oh! quoth the Devil without any fain
Yonder comes the Baker again;
Beest thou well Baker, or beest thou wo,
I mean to geld thee before thou dost go.
These were the words the Woman did say,
Good Sir I was gelded but yesterday;
Oh quoth the Devil that I will see,
And he pluckt her cloths beneath her knee

And looking upward from the ground,
There he spied a grievous wound;
Oh (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
For he was not cunning that gelded thee,
For when he had cut away the stones clean,
He should have sowed up the hole again;
He call'd the little Devil to him anon
And bid him look to that same man,

Whilst he went into some private place
To fetch some salve in a little space,
The great Devil was gone but a little way,
But upon her belly there crept a flea;
The little Devil he soon spied that,
He up with his paw and gave her a pat:
With that the Woman began to start,
And out she thrust a most horrible fart.

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come again I pray,
For here's another hole broke, by my fay;
The great Devil he came running in hast,
Within his heart was sore aghast.

gh quoth the Devil thou art not ſound,
Thou ſtinkeſt ſo ſore above the ground;
hy life days ſure cannot be long,
Thy breath it fumes ſo wond'rous ſtrong.

he hole is cut ſo near the bone,
There is no ſalve can ſtick thereon.
nd therefore *Baker* I ſtand in doubt
That all thy bowels will fall out:
herefore *Baker* hie thee away,
And in this place no longer ſtay.

The OLD and NEW COURTIER.

With an Old Song made by an Old Antient pate,
Of an old worſhipful Gentleman who had a great Eſtate:
ho kept an Old houſe at a bountiful rate,
And an Old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
Like an Old Courtier of the Queens.

ith an Old Lady whoſe anger good words aſſwages,
Who every quarter payes her old Servants their wages,
ho never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen and Pages;
But kept twenty or thirty old Fellows with blew-coats and badges:
Like an Old Courtier, &c.

ith an old Study fill'd full of Learned books,
With an old Reverend Parſon, you may judge him by his looks.
ith an old Buttery hatch worn quite off the old hooks,
And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old cooks;
Like an Old, &c.

ith an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes and Bows,
With old ſwords and bucklers, which hath born many ſhrew'd blows,
nd an old Fryſadoe coat to cover his worſhips trunk hoſe,
And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his [Copper Noſe;]
Like an Old, &c.

With

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come
To call in his Neighbours with Bag pipe and Drum,
And good chear enough to furnish every old Room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb
Like an Old, &c.

With an old Hunts man, a Falkoner and a Kennel of Hounds,
Which never Hunted, nor Hawked, but in his own Grounds:
Who like an old Wise-man kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died gave every Child a thousand old pounds;
Like an old, &c.

But to his eldest Son, his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his Will to keep the same bountiful mind,
To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours kind,
But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was enclin'd;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a Brace of Creatures at's own command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon's own Bond,
And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a neat Lady that is fresh and fair,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house keeping or care,
But buyes several Fans to play with the wanton air,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other womens hair;
Like a young, &c.

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither coal, nor wood,
And a new Shuffle-bord-table where never meat stood,
Hung round with Pictures which doth the poor little good.
Like a young, &c

With a new Study stuff't full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplin, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five days,
With a new *French-Cook* to make Kickshaws and Toyes;
Like a young, &c.

With

With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone.
Like a young, &c.

With a Gentleman-Usher whose carriage is compleat,
With a Footman, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when the Master has dyn'd gives the servants little meat;
Like a young, &c.

With a new honour bought with his Fathers Old Gold,
That many of his Fathers Old Manours hath sold,
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good House-keeping is now a days grown so cold;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

The HEALTHS.

I.

HEre's a Health to a merry old Sinner
A Glass of strong *Aquavitæ*,
That for a Crown and a Dinner
Will get you a Wench will delight you.

II.

Because that you are not for Ale
Here's a Health to a Wench in strong Beer.
Though she (like it) be stale
She may happen to cost you dear.

III.

Here's a Health in Ale to your Dear
That lately serv'd in the Kitchin,
Bouncing wastcoteer,
A remedy for your itching.

IV.

IV.

Here's a Health to the Vintners Daughter
In Rheniſh with Lemon and Sugar,
Who (with this well Ballanc'd) will after
Give you libertie to hug her.

V.

To the green-ſickneſs Maid
Here's a health in Sparkling white,
Though ſhe be never ſo ſtayd
She may alter her mind ere night.

VI.

To the new married wife
Here's a Health in neat Clarret,
Though her ſpouſe lead a jealous life
Her tongue out prates a Parret.

VII.

To the jovial Widow at laſt
A Health wee'l drink in Sack,
Her conſtitution's in haſt,
You may quickly gueſs what ſhe does lack.

VIII.

Now you have ſo freely drunk
Theſe Healths ſo merrily round,
Each of you may go to his punk
They're your own a penny to a pound.

IX.

But now Ive thought better on't
'Tis beſt leave Drinking and Whoring,
For virtue hereafter will vant
When vice ſhall receive a ſcowring.

OLD SIMON the KING.

IN a humour I was late
As many good fellows be,
To think of no matters of State,
But to ſeek for good companie

That best contented me,
I travell'd up and down,
No company I could find
Till I came to the sign of the Crown;
My hostess was sick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at ease,
The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps,
They were all of one disease
Says Old *Simon* the King.

Considering in my mind,
And thus I began to think,
If a man be full to the Throat
And cannot take off his drink,
And if his drink will not down
He may hang himself for shame,
So may the Tapster at the Crown,
Whereupon this reason I frame;
Drink will make a man drunk,
And Drunk will make a man Dry:
Dry will make a man Sick,
And Sick will make a man Dye
Says old *Simon* the King,

If a man should be drunk to night,
And laid in his grave to morrow,
Will you or any man say
That he dyed of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all night
Is never afraid of that!
For drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man Sing;
Singing will make a man Laugh,
And Laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry
  Dear brother it is a Sin
To drink unleſs you be dry,
  Then ſtrait this tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Can
  And took him to his Jug,
And there he play'd the man
  As long as he could tug:
But when that he was ſpide,
  What did he ſwear or rail?
No truly, Dear Brother he cry'd
  Indeed all fleſh is frail,
    Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'l be Drunk,
  Of frailtie it is a ſin,
Or for to keep a Punk
  Or play at In and In;
For Drink and Dice and Drabs
  Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs
  In ſpite of the Phyſician:
Who ſo fears every graſs
  Muſt never piſs in a Meddow.
And he that loves a Pot and a Laſs
  Muſt never cry Oh my head, oh!
    Says Old *Simon* the King.

The FRYER and the MAID.

AS I lay muſing all alone
  A merry Tale I thought upon;
Now liſten a while and I will you tell
  Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Laſs well.

He came to her when ſhe was going to bed
Deſiring to have her Maiden-head;
But ſhe denyed his deſire,
And ſaid that ſhe did fear Hell-fire.

Tuſh, tuſh, quoth the Fryer, thou need's not doubt,
If thou wer't in Hell, I could ſing thee out:
Why then, quoth the Maid, thou ſhalt have thy requeſt;
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his neſt.

But one thing more I muſt requeſt
More than to ſing me out of Hell-fire,
That is for doing of the thing
An Angel of Mony you muſt me bring.

Tuſh, tuſh, quoth the Fryer, we two ſhall agree,
No Mony ſhall part thee and me;
Before thy company I will lack
Ile pawn the Gray-gown off my back.

The Maid bethought her on a Wile
How ſhe might this Fryer beguile;
When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well:

The Fryar came, as his bargain was,
With Mony unto his bonny Laſs;
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow, quoth ſhe;
Here is the Mony I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and ſhe took the Mony;
Now let's go to't, my own ſweet Honey:
Nay, ſtay a while, ſome reſpite make,
If my Maſter ſhould come, he would us take.

Alaſs! quoth the Maid, my Maſter doth come;
Alaſs! quoth the Fryer, where ſhall I run;
Behind yon Cloth run thou quoth ſhe,
For there my Maſter cannot ſee.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
And was in the Well incontinent:
Alaſs! quoth he, I'm in the Well;
No matter quoth ſhe if thou wer't in Hell.

Thou ſaid'ſt thou could'ſt ſing me out of Hell,
I prithee ſing thy ſelf out of the Well;
Sing out, quoth ſhe, with all thy might,
Or elſe thou'rt like to ſing there all night.

The Fryer ſang out with a pitiful ſound,
Oh! help me out or I ſhall be Drown'd:
She heard him make ſuch pitiful moan,
She hope him out, and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was ſerv'd ſo before;
Away, quoth the Wench, come here no more:
The Fryer he walked a long the ſtreet
As if he had been a new waſhed Sheep,
Sing hey down a derry; and let's be merry,
And from ſuch ſin ever to keep.

To SPEAK to the PURPOSE or the CAUTIOUS DRINKER.

MY Maſters and Friends, who ever intends
To trouble this Room with diſcourſe;
You that do ſit by, are as guilty as I,
Be your talk better or worſe.
Now leaſt you ſhould prate of matters of ſtate,
Or any thing elſe that might hurt us;
Rather let's drink off our Cups to the brink,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Suppoſe you ſpeak clean from the matter you mean
That's not a pin here or there,
Yet take this advice, be merry and wiſe,
Ye know not what Creatures be near.

Or

Or ſuppoſe that ſome ſot, ſhould lurk in this pot,
To ſcatter out words that might hurt us,
To free that ſame doubt, wee'l ſee the pot out,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

If any man here be in bodyly fear
Of a Wolf, a Wife or a Tweak,
Here's Armour of Proof ſhall keep her a looſe,
Here's Liquor will make a man ſpeak.
Or if any enter to chalenge his Friend,
Or rail at a lord that might hurt us,
Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* juice,
And then he ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

He that rails at the times, in proſe or in rime,
doth bark like a Dog at th e Moon,
Sings Prophecies ſtrange, and threatens ſome change,
And hangs them upon the Queens Tombe.
He is but a Rayler or a Prophecying Taylor
To ſcatter out words that might hurt us,
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and Sing Catches,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

It is a mad zeal for a man to reveal,
His ſecret thoughts when he bowſes,
He is but a Widgeon that talks of Religion
In Taverns and tippling houſes,
It is not for us ſuch things to diſcover,
Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us;
But let's begin a health to our King,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Amidſt of our bliſs, tis not a miſs
To talk of going home late;
If a Conſtable Kite or a Piſ-pot at night
Should chance to dowſe on our pate.
It were all in vain to rage or complain
Or ſcatter out words that might hurt us,
Twere better trudge home to honeſt kind *Jone*,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

The WELCH MAMS Praiſe of WALES.

I'S' not come here to talk of Prut,
'From whence the *Welſe* dos take her root;
Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince *Camber*,
Whoſe linage would fill full a Chamber;
Nor ſing the deeds of our Saint *Davie*,
The Urſip of which would fill a Navie;
But hark you me now for a liddel tales
Shall make a great deal to the creddit of *Wales*,
For ſtill he will twitch your ears,
With the praiſe of hur thirteen Seers;
And make her as glad and merry
As fourteen pot of Perry.

Tis true, was wear him Sherkin freize,
But what is that? we have ſtore of ſeize,
And Got is plenty of Goats milk,
That ſell him will buy him ſilk
Inough to make him fine to quarrel
At *Herford* Sizes in new apparel;
And get him as much Melmet perhap,
Sall give it a face to his Monmouth Cap,
But then the ore of *Lemſter*;
Py Cot is uver a Sempſter;
That when he is ſpun, or did
Yet match him with hir thrid.
For ſtill he will twitch, &c.

Aull this the backs, now let us tell ye
Of ſome proviſion for the belly:
As Kid and Goat, and greats Goats Mother,
And Runt, and Cow, and good Cows uther,
And once but taſt on the Welſe Mutton;
Your *Englis* Seeps not worth abutton.

And

An I then for your Fiſſe, ſhall ſhooſe it your diſſe,
Look but about, and there is a Trout,
A Salmon, Cot or Chevin,
Will feed you ſix or ſeven,
As taul man as ever ſwagger
With *Welſe* Club, and long dagger.
For ſtill her will twitch, &c.

But aull this while, we never think
A word in praiſe of her *Welſe* drink:
Yet for aull that, is a cup of *Braggat*,
Aull *England* Seer may caſt his Cap at.
And what her ſay to Ale of *Webley*,
Toudge him as well, you'll praiſe him trebly,
As well as *Metheglin*, or *Sider*, or *Meath*,
S'all ſake her dagger quite out o' the ſeath,
And oat-Cake of *Guarthenion*,
With a goodly Leek or Onion,
To give a ſweet a rellis
As e're did Harper *Ellis*.
For ſtill her will twitch, &c.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our Muſicks we do miſs;
Foth Harps, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,
Muſt a ull come in, and tauk aloud,
As lowd as *Bangue*, *Davies* Bell,
Of which is no doubt you have here tell:
As well as our lowder *Wrexam* Organ,
And rumbling Rock in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,
Where look but in the ground there,
And you ſall ſee a ſound there;
That put her all to gedder,
Is ſweet as meaſure pedder.
For ſtill her will twitch your ears;
With the praiſe of her thirteen Sheers,
And make her ſo glad and merry,
As fourteen pot of Perry.

Benj. Johnſon's COOK LORREL.

COOK-*Lorrel*, would needs have the Devil his Gueſt,
And bad him once into the *Peak* to dinner;
Where never the Feind had ſuch a Feaſt
Provided him yet at the charge of a ſinner.

His ſtomach was queaſie (for coming there Coacht
The jogging had cauſed ſome Crudities riſe,)
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht
That uſed to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

And ſo recovered unto his Wiſh,
He ſat him down, and he fell to eat;
Promooter in plum-broth was the firſt diſh;
His own privy Kitching had no ſuch meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon this he ſhifted his trencher,
As ſoon as he ſpide the Bawd, and bacon,
By this you may note the Devil's a wencher.

Six pickled Taylors ſliced and cut,
Sempſters, Tire women fit for his pallet,
With feather-men, and perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand ſallet,

A rich fat Uſurer ſtew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and Green-ſawce;
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then had never ſeen ſawce.

Then carbonado'd, and cookt with pains,
Was brought up a cloven Serjeants Face;
The ſawce was made of the Yeomans brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two roſted Sheriffs came whole to the board,
(The Feaſt had nothing been without um,)
Both living and dead they were Fox't and Fur'd;
Their chains like Sawſages hung about um.

The

The very next diſh was the Major of a Town,
With a Pudding of maintenance thruſt in his belly;
Like a Gooſe in the Feathers dreſt in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch-boyes boyld to a jelly.

A *London* Cuckold hot from the ſpit,
And when the carver up had broke him;
The Devil chopt up his head at a bit,
But the horns were very near like to have choakt him.

The chine of a Lecher there too was roſted,
With a plump Harlots haunch and Garlike;
A Pandors pettitoes that had boaſted
Himſelf for a Captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat Paſty of a Mid-wife hot,
And for cold bak'd meat into the ſtory,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in crult, till now ſhe was hoary.

To theſe, an over grown-Juſtice of the Peace,
With a Clerk like a gizard thruſt under each arm,
And warrants for ſippets, laid in his own greaſe,
Set over a chafing-diſh to be kept warm.

The Jowl of a Jaylor, ſerved for Fiſh,
A Conſtable ſous'd with Vinegar by,
Two Aldermen Lobſters aſleep in a diſh,
A Deputy tart, a Church-warden pye.

All which devoured, he then for a cloſe,
Did for a full draught of *Derby* call,
He heav d the huge Veſſel up to his Noſe,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the Table he gave a ſtart,
Where banquet and wine were nothing ſcarce;
All which he ſtarted away with a Fart,
From whence it was called the Devils Arſe.

And there he made such a breath with the wind,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the sent of the Vapour before and behind
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle.

And this was Tobacco the Learned suppose,
Which since in Country, Court and Town,
In the Devils Glister-pipe smoaks at the Nose
Of Polcat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

From which wicked weed, Swines flesh and Ling,
Or any thing else that's feast for the Feind;
Our Captain and we cry God save the King,
And send him good Meat, and Mirth without end

TOM a BEDLAM.

FOrth from my sad and darksome Cell,
From the deep abyss of Hell,
Mad *Tom* is come to view the world again,
To see if he can ease his distemper'd brain,

Fear and Despair possess my Soul;
Hark how the angry Furies howl!
Pluto laughs, and *Proserpine* is glad
To see poor naked *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day
To find my troubled Senses,
At last I found old *Time*
With his Pentateuch of Tenses.

When he me spies, away he flyes,
For *Time* will stay for no man;
In vain with cryes I rend the Skies,
For pitty is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye,
Oh help, o help or else I dye!

Hark

Hark I hear *Apollo*'s Team,
The Carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſt *Diana* bends her bow,
And the Bore begins to briſtle.

Come *Vulcan* with tools and with tackles,
And knock off my troubleſome Shackles;
Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain
To fetch my five Senſes again.

Laſt night I heard the Dog-Stark bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the dark;
Lymping *Vulcan* heat an Iron bar,
And furiouſly run at the god of War,

Mars with his weapon laid about,
Lymping *Vulcan* had the gout,
For his broad Horns hung ſo in his light
That he could not ſee to aim aright.

Mercury the nimble Poſt of heaven
Stay'd to ſee the Quarrel,
Gorrel belly *Bacchus* giantly beſtrid
A Strong-beer barrel:

To me he drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider;
He drank whole Buts till he burſt his guts,
But mine were ne're the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little drink for Charitie:
Hark! I hear *Acteon*'s hounds,
The Hunts-man hoopes and Hallows;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the Chace doth follow.

The man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnep and Carret:
But a Cup of old *Maligo* Sack
Will fire the Buſh at his back.

Of The DOWNFAL of one part of the MITRE TAVERN in CAMBRIDGE, or the SINKING thereof into the CELLAR.

By Mr. *Tho. Randolph.*

LAment, Lament, you Scholars all,
Each wear his blackeſt gown,
The *Mitre* that held up your wits
Is now it ſelf faln down:
The diſmal Fire on *London*-Bridge
Could move no heart of mine,
For that but o're the water ſtood,
But this ſtood o're the Wine.

It needs muſt melt each Chriſtian heart
That this ſad news but hears,
To ſee how the poor Hogſheads wept
Good Sack and Claret Tears.
The Zealous ſtudents of that place
Change of Religion fear,
Leſt this miſchance bring in
The hereſie of Beer.

Unhappy *Mitre* I would know
The cauſe of thy ſad hap;
Came it by making Legs to low
To *Pembrook*'s Cardinal's Cap?
Hence! know thy ſelf and cringe no more,
Since Popery went down,
The Cap ſhould vail to thee, for now
The *Mitre*'s next the *Crown*.

Or was it becauſe our company
Did not frequent thy Cell,
As we were wont to drown thoſe cares,
Thou fox'd thy ſelf and fell?
No ſure the Devil was a dry
And caus'd that fatal blow,
'Twas he that made the Cellar ſink,
That he might drink below

And ſome do ſay the Devil did it,
Cauſe he would drink up all;
But I rather think the Pope was drunk
And let the *Mitre* fall.
But *Roſe* now wither, *Faulcon* mew,
Whilſt *Sam* enjoyes his wiſhes;
The *Dolphin* too muſt caſt her *Crown*,
Wine was not made for Fiſhes.

That ſign a Tavern beſt becomes,
That ſhews who loves wine beſt;
The *Mitre*'s then the onely ſign
For 'tis the Scholars creſt.
Then drink Sack *Sam* and cheer thy Heart,
Be not diſmay'd at all;
For we will drink it up again,
Though our ſelves do catch a fall.

We'l be thy workmen day and night
In ſpite of Bugbear Proctors,
We drank like Freſhmen all before,
But now we'l drink like Doctors.

The Virtue of SACK.
By Dr. *Hen. Edwards.*

FEtch me *Ben. Johnſons* ſcull, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly ſiſters pledg'd, and did agree
It was no ſin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weakneſs in the wine,
There's virtue in the Cup to mak't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taſt too much
Of earth, the Mault retains a ſcurvy touch
Of the dull hand that ſows it; and I fear
There's hereſie in Hops; give *Calvin* Beer,
And his preciſe Diſciples, ſuch as think
There's Powder treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink;

Call

Call Sack an Idoll, nor will kiſs the Cup,
For fear their Conventicle be blown up
With ſuperſtition: give to theſe Brew-houſe alms,
Whoſe beſt mirth is Six ſhillings Beer, and Pſalms:
Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire
And actuate the ſoul with heavenly fire;
That thou ſublim'ſt the Genius, making wit
Scorn earth, and ſuch as love or live by it;
Thou make'ſt us Lords of Regions large and fair,
Whilſt our conceits build Caſtles in the air:
Since fire, earth, air, thus they inferiours be,
Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes!
Welcome by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks:
And do eſteem my venerable ſelf
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelf
Were ſure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to ſpend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,
And change the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And ſo by conſequence till rich *Spains* wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine:
And when my brains are once a foot (heaven bleſs us!)
I think my ſelf a better man than *Cræſus*,
And now I do conceit my ſelf a Judge,
And coughing laugh to ſee my Clients trudge
After my Lordſhips Coach unto the Hall
For Juſtice, and am full of Law withal,
And do become the Bench as well as he
That fled long ſince for want of honeſtie:
But I'll be Judge no longer though in jeſt,
For fear I ſhould be talk'd with like the reſt
When I am ſober; who can chuſe but think
Me wiſe, that am ſo wary in my drink!
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty ſport,
I am come back from *Weſtminſter* to Court;
And am grown young again; my Ptifick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow

Is ſmooth'd. and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When ſhe invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flowry boſome: I could win
A Veſtal now, or tempt a Queen to ſin.
Oh for a ſcore of Queens! you'd laugh to ſee
How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould raviſh me:
Three Goddeſſes were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like thoſe which *Paris* ſipt
From *Venus*, when ſhe taught him how to kiſs
Fair *Helen*, and invite a fairer bliſs:
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone
Would turn *Diana* to a burning ſtone:
Stone with amazement, burning with loves fire,
Hard, to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.
Ineſtimable Sack! thou mak'ſt us rich,
Wiſe, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy ſake;
If I be once inflam'd againſt thy Noſe
That could preach down thy worth in ſmall-beer Proſe,
I ſhould do miracles as bad, or worſe,
As he that gave the King an hundred Horſe:
T'other odd Cup, and I ſhall be prepar'd
To ſnatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charls* his enemies, or Sacks,
Let it be full, if I do chance to ſpill
Ov'r my Standiſh by the way, I will
Dipping in this diviner Ink, my pen,
Write my ſelf ſober. and fall to't agen.

On a COMBAT of COCKS, the NORFOLK and the WISBISH, by Mr. *Tho. Randolph.*

GO you tame Gallants you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave ſpurs to ſhew for't and can crow,
And count all dung-hill breed that cannot ſhew
Such painted Plumes as yours; that think't no vice,
With Cock-like luſt to tread your Cockatrice:
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If y' are no fighting Cocks, y' are not for me:
I of two feather'd Combatants will write;
He that to th' life means to expreſs the fight,
Muſt make his ink o th' blood which they did ſpill,
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO ſooner were the doubtful people ſet,
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But ſtraight the skilful Judges of the Play,
Bring forth their ſharp heel'd Warriours, and they
Were both in linnen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they dy'd to have their winding-ſheet.
With that in th' pit they are put, and when they were
Both on their feet, the *Norfolk* Chanticleere
Looks ſtoutly at his ne're before ſeen foe,
And like a chalenger begins to crow,
And ſhakes his wings, as if he would diſplay
His Warlike colours, which were black and gray:
Mean time the wary *Wisbiſh* walks and breaths
His active body, and in fury wreaths
His comely creſt, and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground:
With that they meet, not like the coward breed
Of *Æſop*, that can better fight than feed:
They ſcorn the dung-hill, 'tis their only prize,
To dig for Pearl within each others eyes:
They fight ſo long that it was hard to know
To th' skilful whether they did fight or no,

Had

Had not the blood which died the fatal floore
Born witneſs of it; yet they fight the more,
As if each wound were but a ſpur to prick
Their fury forward; lightning's not more quick
Nor red than were their eyes: twas hard to know
Whether it was blood or anger made them ſo;
And ſure they had been out, had they not ſtood
More ſafe by being fenc'd in by blood.
Yet ſtill they fight, but now (alas!) at length,
Although their courage be full tryed, their ſtrength
And blood began to ebb; you that have ſeen
A water combate on the Sea, between
Two roaring angry boyling billows, how
They march and meet and daſh their curled browes,
Swelling like graves, as if they did intend
To intomb each other, ere the quarrel end:
But when the wind is down, and bluſtring weather,
They are made friends, and ſweetly run together,
May think theſe Champions ſuch; their combs grow low,
And they that leapt even now, now ſcarce can go:
Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt
As if they did applaud themſelves) now flapt;
And having loſt the advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each others blood they only reel.
From either eyes ſuch drops of blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their Funeral.
And yet they would fain fight, they came ſo near,
As if they meant into each others ear
To whiſper death; and when they cannot riſe,
They lie and look blowes in each others eyes.
But now the Tragick part after the fight,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the beſt of it,
And *Wisbich* lay a dying, ſo that none,
Though ſober, but might venture ſeven to one,
Contracting (like a dying Taper) all
His force as meaning with that blow to fall;
He ſtruggles up and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and ſtrikes the other blind.
And now poor *Norfolk* having loſt his eyes,
Fights only guided by the Antipathies:
With him (alas) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes no're ſee his heart moſt rue.

At length by chance he ſtumbled on his foe,
Not having any power to ſtrike a blow,
He falls upon him with a wounded head,
And makes his conquering wings his Feather-bed:
Where lying ſick his friends were very charie
Of him, and fetcht in haſt an Apothecary;
But all in vain his body did ſo bliſter,
That't was uncapable of any gliſter;
VVherefore at length, opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his VVill.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,
Decently to be boil'd, and for its tomb
Let it be buried in ſome hungry womb.
Item, *Executors I will have none,*
But he that on my ſide laid ſeven to one:
And like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him and to his heirs my comb I give,
Together with my brains, that all may know,
That oſtentimes his brains did uſe to crow.
Item, *It is my will to the weaker ones,*
Whoſe Wives complain of them I give my ſtones;
To him that's dull, I do my ſpurs impart;
And to the Coward, I bequeath my heart:
To Ladies that are light, it is my will,
My feathers ſhould be given; and for my bill,
I'de give't a Taylor, but it is ſo ſhort,
That I'm afraid hee'l rather curſe me for't:
And for the Apothecaries fee, who meant
To give me a Gliſter, let my Rump be ſent.
Laſtly becauſe I feel my life decay,
I yeild, and give to Wisbich *Cock the day.*

On a FART in the Parliament-House.

By Sir JOHN SUCKLIN.

DOwn came Grave Antient Sir *John Crooke*
And read his meſſage in a book,
Very well quoth *Will. Norris*, is it ſo,
But Mr. *Pym*'s Tayl cry'd no.
Fye, quoth Alderman *Atkins*, I like not this paſſage
To have a Fart intervoluntary in the midſt of a meſſage;
Then up ſtarts one fuller of Devotion
Than Eloquence, and ſaid, a very ill Motion:
Not ſo neither quoth Sir *Henry Fenking*,
The motion was good but for the Stinking;
Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick
To Fart in the Face of the Body Politick;
Sir *Jerome* in Folio ſwore by the Maſs
This Fart was enough to have blown a Glaſs:
Quoth then Sir *Jerome* the leſſer, ſuch an abuſe
Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor in *Pruce*.
Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Juſtice i'th *Quorum*
Would tak't in ſnuff to have a Fart let before him:
If it would bear an Action quoth Sir *Thomas Holecraft*,
I would make of this Fart a Bolt or a Shaft;
Then quoth Sir *John Moor* to his great commendation
I will ſpeak to this Houſe in my wonted Faſhion,
Now ſurely ſays he, For as much as how be it
This Fart to the Serjeant we muſt commit.
No quoth the Serjeant, low bending his knees,
Farts oft will break Priſons but never pay Fees;
Beſides this motion with ſmall reaſon ſtands,
To charge me with that I can't keep in my hands:
Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas ſo readily let,
I would it were ſweet enough for my Cabinet.
Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
Speak no more of it but bury it with ſweetwood.
Grave Senate, quoth *Duncome*, upon my ſalvation
This Fart ſtands in need of ſome great Reformation.
Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my conſcience,
It would be reformed with a little Frankincenſe.

Quoth Sir *Roger Acton* it would much mend the matter
If this Fart were ſhaven, and waſh't with Roſe-water.
Per verbum Principis, how dare I tell it,
A Fart by here-ſay, and not ſee it nor ſmell it.
I am glad quoth Sir *Sam. Lewknor* we have found a thing,
That no tale-bearer can carry it the King.
Such a Fart as this was never ſeen
Quoth the learned Council of the Queen.
Yet quoth Sir *Hugh Beſton* the like hath been
Let in a Dance before the Queen.
Then ſaid Mr. *Peake* I have a preſident in ſtore,
His Father Farted laſt Seſſions before.
A Bill muſt be drawn then quoth Sir *John Bennet*,
Or a ſelected Committee quickly to pen it.
Why, quoth Dr. *Crompton*, no man can draw
This Fart within the compaſs of the Civil-Law:
Quoth Mr. *Jones* by the Law 't may be done,
Being a Fart Intay'ld from Father to Son;
In'truth quoth Mr. *Brooke*, this ſpeech was no lye,
This Fart was one of your *Poſt Nati*:
Quoth *William Paddy* he dare aſſure 'am
Though 'twere *Contra Modeſtum*, 'tis not *præter naturam*;
Beſides by the Aphoriſmes of my art
Had he not been deliver d h'ad been ſick of a Fart.
Then quoth the *Recorder*, the mouth of the City,
To have ſmother d that Fart had been great pity.
It is moſt certain, quoth Sir *Humphry Bentwizle*,
That a round Fart is better than a ſtinking Fizzle.
Have patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*,
Ther's none of us all but may be miſtaken:
Why right, quoth the great Attorney, I confeſs
The Eccho of ones A—is remedileſs.

Upon the DISSOLUTION *of* PARLIAMENTS.

TWo Parliaments diſſolv'd, then let my heart
As they in factions ſo in fractions part,
And let the Levite ſend with rage a Scribe
My peace-meal portion to each broken Tribe;
And ſay that *Bethlem Judah's* love hath been
Wrong'd by the faggy end Crew of *Benjamin*;
And let ſuch high preſumption be accurſt,
When the laſt tribe ſhall wrong the beſt and Firſt,
When like the Levite our beſt CHARLES may ſay
The ravenous Wolf hath ſeiz'd the Lyons prey:
Thus oft inferiour Subjects are not ſhy
To wrong a *Jove* and mock at Majeſty:
What faculty ſhould not be injured
If that the Feet had power to ſpurn the head,
And Kings Prerogatives muſt needs fall down
When Subjects make a Football of the Crown,
The Stars the Heavens Inferior Courtiers might
Command the Darkneſs, but not rule the Light,
Nor him that makes it, ſhould they all combine
With *Luna* at the full, one Sun would ſhine
Brighter than they, nor can he be ſubdu'd,
Though he be one, and they a Multitude.
Say Subjects you were Starrs and 'twere allow'd
You juſtly of the number might be proud,
Yet to your Sun be humble, and know this
Your Light is borrowed, and not your own but his.
When the infettred Subjects of the Seas,
The Fountaines, ſet their Silver Feet at eaſe,
No ſooner Summon'd, but they nimbly went
To meet the Ocean at a Parliament.
Did then the petty Fountains ſay, there King,
The Ocean, was no Ocean, but a Spring.
Let me alone if freſh acceſs of ſtore
To make me poorer than I was before:
And ſhall we then the Power of Kings diſpute
And count it leſs when more is added to't:

Nor let the common body if it can
Be not a River but an Ocean,
And ſwell into a deluge till it hide
The tops of Mountains in its ſeeming Pride,
Kings like *Noahs Ark* are nearer to the Skies
The more the Billows underneath them riſe,
You then who if your hearts were fired with love
Might ſit in Councel as the Gods with *Jove*,
You that do queſtion your Kings power below
If you come there, will you uſe Heavens King ſo?
Do not aſpire, you may take up your reſt
More ſafe below than in the Saylers neſt:
Hath *Clemenas* offended, will you harm
And pluck the Sun from Heaven that makes you warm.
Nor Kings nor Biſhops pleaſe, what have we got
An outſide *Engliſh* but an inſide *Scot*.
If Factions thus our Country peace diſtracts
We may have words of Parliaments, not Acts,
Evil-ended Seſſions yet well begun,
Too much being ſpoke hath made too little done:
So Factions thrive, Puritaniſme bears ſway,
None muſt do any thing but only Say.
Stoop down you barren headed hills, confeſs
You might be fruitful if that you were leſs;
Tremble you thread bare Commons, are you vext
That Lambs feed on you, Lyons will be next.

The GENEVA BALLAD.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemiſh Wheels*,
None treads *Religion* upſide down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at heels,
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,
Whoſe Conſcience might be ſcan'd perhaps
By the Dimenſions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine;
Nay he can bellow, bray or bark.
Was ever *sike a Beuk learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *Lingua*'s of the Ark.

To draw in Proselytes like Bees,
With *pleasing Twang* he tones his Prose,
He gives his Hand-kerchief a squeez,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Nose.
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-stocking Similitudes*,
Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treason* had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame;
When *Feroboam*'s Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Gospel Comet* first appear'd.

Soon his unhallowed Fingers strip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,
And having smote his Master, slip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand.
But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oftimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary*'s many grains;
His very Preaching slew more men,
Than *Bonner*'s Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-star Zeal* and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught; and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament*;
As if the Wind could ſtand *North-South*;
Broke *Moſes*'s Law with bleſt intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his caſe,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace
Can blanch an *Æthiopian*'s Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in ſwarms,
He bauls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins*,
But whiſpers, *Boys ſtand to your Arms.*
Thus he's grown inſolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be ſubdu'd,
Money, I mean, and *Multitude.*

Magiſtrates he regards no more
Than St. *George* or the Kings of *Colen*;
Vowing he'l not conform before
The Old-wives wind their Dead in Woollen.
He calls the Biſhop, *Grey-beard Goff*,
And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME.
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domeſtick Broils at home.
How quietly Great *CHARLES* might reign,
Would all theſe Hot-ſpurs croſs the Main,
And preach down Popery in *Spain.*

The ſtarry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no Diſſention in the Sky:
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confuſion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worſe where Children play with Knives.

I would as ſoon turn back to Maſs,
Or change my Phraſe to *Thee* and *Thou* ;
Let the Pope ride me like an Aſs,
And his Prieſts milk me like a Cow :
As buckle to *Smectymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o'th' Good Old Cauſe,
That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws.

For 'twas the *holy Kirk* that nurs'd
The *Browniſts* and the *Kanters* Crew;
Foul Errors motly Veſture firſt
Was coated in a Northern Blue.
And what's th' Enthuſiaſtick breed,
Or men of *Knipperdoling*'s Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to ſeed?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
And make boaſt of their Innocence :
There cannot be ſo vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with Pretence.
Yet when all's ſaid, one thing I'll ſwear,
No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
No Traitor like *Jack*——

The CLOAKS KNAVERY.

COme buy my new Ballet,
I have't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear pleaſe every Pallet,
Then mark what enſu'th,
I ſwear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth :
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.
'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown
That crampt all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

I'le tell you in brief,
A ſtory of Grief,
Which happn'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:
It tore Common Prayers;
Impriſon'd Lord Mayors,
In one day it voted down Prelates and Players;
It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,
And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
Then let us indeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom and rippl'd the Crown.

It was a Black Cloke,
In good time be it ſpoke,
That kill'd many thouſands, but never ſtruck ſtroke:
With Hatchet and Rope,
The Forlorn Hope,
Did joyn with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
It ſet all the Sects in the City to work,
And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the *Turk*.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It ſeiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
Thoſe fierce Demi-Gorgons;
It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pull'd down the Organs:
The Pulpits did ſmoak,
The Churches did Choak;
And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:
It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read;
It ſet *Publick Faith* up, and pull'd down the Creed.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious impoſter
Such fury did foſter,
It left us no penny, nor no *Pater Noſter*:
It threw to the Ground
Ten Commandements down,
And ſet up twice Twenty times ten of it's own:
It routed the King, and Villains elected,
To plunder all thoſe whom they thought diſaffected.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind Peoples Eyes,
This Cloak was ſo wiſe,
It took off Ship-mony, but ſet up Excize:
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reaſons of State,
And gave it to *Tom Trumpeter* and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it writ many ſpecious Epiſtles,
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whiſtles.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In pulpits it moved,
And was much approved,
For crying out——*Fight the Lards Battels beloved*:
It bobtayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down;
It trod on the Miter to reach at the Crown:
And into the Field it an Army did bring,
To aim at the Council, but ſhoot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raiſed up States,
Whoſe politick Pates
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:
To Father and Mother,
To Siſter and Brother,
It gave a Commiſſion to kill one another:
It took up Men's Horſes at very low Rates,
And plunder'd our Goods to ſecure our Eſtates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable Deed,
It made the beſt mirror of Majeſty bleed:
Though Cloak did not do't,
He ſet it on Foot,
By rallying and calling his Journy-men to't:
For never had come ſuch a Bloody Diſaſter,
If Cloak had not firſt drawn a Sword at his Maſter.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Though

Though ſome of them went hence
By ſorrowful Sentence,
This loftie long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance;
But he and his Men,
Twenty Thouſand times ten,
Are plotting to do their tricks over agen:
But let this proud Cloak to Anthority ſtoop,
Or *DU N* will provide him a Button and Loop:
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That baſely did ſever the Head from the Crown.

Let's pray, that the King,
And his Parliament,
In Sacred and Secular Things may conſent;
So Righteouſly firm,
And Religiouſly free;
That Papiſts and Atheiſts ſuppreſſed may be.
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us.
Then Peace Truth and Plenty our Kingdom will crown,
And all Popiſh Plots and their Plotters ſhall down,

The MADMAN.

I Am the woful'eſt Mad-man
That e're came near your knowledge,
I thrice have in
New-Priſon been,
And twice in Bedlam Colledge:

In Hunger, Cold, and Darkneſs
I was a very ſad man,
But I will ſhow
And tell you how
I firſt became a Mad-man.

Then give me room, give me breath, give me hearing,
My name is Captain *Pigeon*,
When Engliſh-men
Fell out I then
Did alter my Religion.

2.

A Proteſtant I firſt was,
The Church is my Recorder,
And then I did
(As I was bid)
Love Decency and Order:

The Common Prayer and Organ,
The Surplice, Copes and Rotchets
I then upheld,
Till I was fill'd
With Presbyterian Crotchets.

Then did I turn from the right to the Left Side
Amongſt a flock of Widgeons
I was ſo bad
I fell ſtark mad
With changing of Religions.

3.

I turn'd a Presbyterian,
And did maintain much Foppery;
The Devil and we
Did all agree
To fight and pull down Popery.

We beat up Drums for nothing,
The Cauſe look'd like a Riddle,
Two Fools were ſtout
And did fall out
Who ſhould lie in the middle.

Thus did I turn from the Right to the Left Side
With a Troop of Widgeons,
Who fill'd my Brains
With pangs and pains,
Begot by New Religions.

4.

Next I turn'd Anabaptiſt,
And prayed by the Spirit,
To Preach and Print,
Make Mouths and ſquint,
We thought was mighty merit.

We ſlighted Steeple-houſes,
Stables we met together in,
With Yea and Nay
We did betray
Our Presbyterian Brethren.

Then preſently was the League and the Cov'nant
(which deſtroy'd Allegiance)
Quite tumbled down
Both King and Crown,
To let in more Religions.

5.

We pull'd down all the Croſſes,
And gain'd the Peoples Curſes,
They were ſo pin'd
They could not find
A Croſs left in their purſes.

We broke all painted windows,
In Churches and in Chappels,
We did no good
But ſhed the Blood
Of *Lucas*, *Liſles*, and *Capels*.

Then did we cry to the Right to the Left,
We'l muſter up our Legions;
Thus I was Koax't
And finely fox't
With many mad Religions.

6.

Then I became a Browniſt,
And was a Saint perfidious,
We Preach'd, we Pray'd,
Poor Men betray'd,
And this we call'd Religious,

In Pulpits we put Redcoates,
To make our Faction prouder,
They fill'd our eares
With Bandaliers,
Pikes, Piſtols, Guns and Powder.

Then did we cry to the Right to the Left,
We plundred Pigs and Pigeons;
And thus did I
At length comply
With all ſorts of Religions.

7.

This Sect I ſoon deſerted,
And quickly made an end on't,
And like an Elf
I made my ſelf
A Plotting Independant.

No Government they owned,
As I did underſtand 'em,
For they confeſt
It pleas'd 'em beſt
To Reign and Rule at Random.

Face about to the Left to the Right
Wee'l pull down all the Regions,
From Rocks and Shelves,
We'l ſteer our Selves,
And be of all Religions.

8.

The next I was a Seeker,
Then I grew ſomething blinder,
For in my Youth
I loſt the Truth,
And knew not where to find her.

Then I turn'd Antinomian:
When I from that was driven
A Leveller
I did prefer
To make my brains lie even.

But ſtill I cry'd from the Right to the Left,
Lets face aboutye Widgeons,
For I proteſt
This is the beſt
Of all my New Religions.

9.

We all had equal Lordſhips,
No Power we did pray to,
Fiſt Monarchy
Did then paſs by,
And I muſt do as they do.

This made my Judgment ſtagger,
My brain began to burn to,
I grew amaz'd,
I ſtar'd and gaz'd
And knew not what to turn to.

Yet ſtill I cry'd from the Right to the Left,
Let's face about ye Widgeons,
I'le not take in
Till I have been
A Man of all Religions.

10.

I weary was of this too,
And needs muſt be a Shaker,
Which made me ſad,
Then I run mad
And ſo became a Quaker.

I chang'd to an Arminian,
And would have been a Papiſt,
But having not
Much Learning got
I laſt of all turn'd Atheiſt.

Thus did I fly from the Right to the Left,
And they will prove but Widgeons,
Who in their Youth
Let go the Truth
And turn to New Religions.

The TRUE PROTESTANTS LITTANY.

I.

More Ballads---Here: Spick and Span:---new Supplication,
By Order of a Committee for the Reformation,
To be Read in all Churches and Chappels of this Nation,
Upon pain of ſlavery and Sequeſtration:
From Knaves and Rumpers in a Parliment free,
Libera nos Domine.

II.

From thoſe that have more Religion and leſs Conſcience than their fellows,
From a Repreſentative that's fearfull and jealous,
From a ſtarting Jadiſh People, that's troubled with the Yellows,
And a Jeſuit that Blows the Coal (a Turd in the Bellows)
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

III

From Shepherds that lead there flocks into the Bryers,
And then Fleece them ——from Vow breakers and King-Tryers,
Of Church and Crown Lands ——from both Sellers and Buyers,
From the Children of him that's the Father of Lyers,
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

IV.

From the Doctrine and Dicipline of (Now and a Non)
Preſerve us and our Wives—from *Sedgwick* and *John,*
Like Maſter like Man, every way but One,
The Maſter has a large Conſcience—and the Man has none:
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

V.

From thoſe who ſat in High Court of Juſtice,
From Uſurpers that ſtile themſelves the Peoples Truſtees,
From an Old *Rump* in which neither profit nor Guſt is,
And from the recovery of that which now in the Duſt is:
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

VI

VI.

From a backſliding Saint, that pretends t'acquieſs,
From the Popiſh Proverb (let 'um Hang that confeſs)
From a Sniveling Cauſe in a pontificial dreſs:
From two Lawyers, with the Devil and his Dam in a meſs,
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

VII.

From thoſe that trouble the Waters, to mend the Fiſhing,
And Fight the Lards Battel, under the Devil's Commiſſion;
Such as Eat up the Nation, while the Governments a diſhing.
And from a People when it ſhould be a doing —— ſtands wiſhing,
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

VIII.

From an Everlaſting mock-parliament, and from None,
From *Strafford*'s Old Friends —— *Harry* —— *Jack* and *Pim Fohn*,
From the Sollicitors Wolf-Law, deliver our Kings Son,
And from the Reſurrection of the *Rump*, that's dead and gone.
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

IX.

From forein Invaſions —— and Commotions at home,
From preſent Petitions, and worſe to come,
From the ſame hand again —— *Smectymnuus* or the Bum:
And from taking *Geneva*, in our way to *Rome*;
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

X.

From Saints and tender Conſciences in Buff,
From *Mild* —— in a Foam and *Hugh* in a Huff:
From bold Petitioners that think they never have Enuff,
And from a Fools-head that looks through a Chain and a Ruff,
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

X.

Preſerve us good Heaven from intruſſing thoſe,
That have much to get and little to loſe:
That murder'd the Father, and the Son would depoſe,
Sure they can't be our Friends that are their Countries foes,
From Knaves and Rumpers, &c.

From *Bradſhaw*'s preſumption and from *Hoyls* deſpairs;
From rotten Members blind Guide, preaching Aldermen, and falſe Mayors,
From long Knives, long Ears, long Parliaments, and long prayers,
In mercy to the Nation ——— deliver us and our Heirs:
From Knaves and Rumpers in a Parliament free,
Libera nos Domine.

The PROTESTANTS PETITION *againſt* POPERY.

FRom ſawing the Crown 'twixt Phanaticks and Fryars;
From *Whitehall* Scaffolds and *Smithfield* Fires;
From the Jeſuits Morals, outdone by the Tryers,
Libera nos Domine.

From every Religion which Treaſon allows;
From the *Geneva* Stiffneſs, and the *Roman* Bows;
From affronting of God, or adoring of Shows,
Libera nos Domine.

From ſlicing the *Pope* into *Presbyter John*,
More ſawcy in conſort than he is alone,
From a Legion of Devils to extirpate one,
Libera nos Domine.

From fermenting the Rout with *Chimærical* Fears;
From buying with blood and enjoying with Tears,
A Liberty copied by that of *Argiers*,
Libera nos Domine.

From being twice chous'd with the ſame ſort of *Cant*;
From defending the King by *Scotch Covenant*;
From Reforming the Church till we leave nothing on't,
Libera nos Domine.

From a bifronted Conſcience, like the Sign of an Ale-houſe,
That faces the Church, and outfaces the Gallows,
With one ſide ſtark raw, and the other ſide callous,
Libera nos Domine.

From a Supreme Vicar to ſhackle the King;
From a long round Senate, which means the ſame thing;
From a Monk without, and a Devil within,
Libera nos Domine.

From advancing God's Church by ſuch Sins as would fright ye,
From liſting of Rebels to aid the Almighty;
From taking of Ratsbane for *Elixir Vitæ*,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Popiſh Rage, and the Popular Fret,
Which with Brotherly Malice their Sov'reign beſet;
From reſcinding Bull, and reforming Bullet,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Lords in the Tower, and the Lords that are out;
From aſſaulting the King by Dagger or Vote;
From our Ruine Point blank, or Nine Mile about,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Dark-Lanthorn Plot, and the Green Ribbon Club;
From brewing Sedition in a Sanctified Tub;
From reforming a Prince by the Model of *Job*,
Libera nos Domine.

From the National Wealth by a *Junto* poſſeſt,
By cajolling of one half, and plundring the reſt;
From the Commonwealths Arms with his Holineſs's Creſt,
Libera nos Domine.

The

The SECOND PART.

FRom measuring Devotion with Beads, or with Sand,
In a Language or Phrase we don't understand;
From a Preacher with Reliques or Spoons in his Hand,
Libera nos Domine.

From stripping Religion to avoid the Excesses
Of a cumbersom Ruff, and a Collar of S S;
From His Holiness, and their Holinesses,
Libera nos Domine.

From Plot upon Plot, which no Herald admits,
Nor any man else that is well in his Wits;
From Conscience that comes like an Ague, by fits,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Pope in One Stick, or the Pope in a faggot;
From the Catholick Worm, and Schismatical Maggot;
From such as swear round to keep what they ha' got,
Libra nos Domine.

From Penance reformed to a Stool of Repentance;
From a new Inquisition to aid the *Tridentines*,
And the Savager Courts where the Godly give Sentence,
Libera nos Domine.

From setting Christs Vicar to teaze his Vicegerent;
From the Saints in whom the same Sin is inherent,
The best Friends he has though they seldom appear in't,
Libera nos Domine.

From *St. Omers* Consult, and a *Leyden* Cabal,
Inveterate Foes both to *Pauls* and *Whitehal*;
From a Plot *pro* and *con*, like a Tennis-ball,
Libera nos Domine.

From the *Roman* Disease, and *Geneva* Physician;
From admitting Prophaneness to purge Superstition;
From *Raviliack*'s or *Bradshaw*'s Commission,
Libera nos Domine.

From taking the Covenant, or baulking the Teſt;
From both the Renouncers when th' are but in jeſt;
From the Pope's hatching Eggs in a Presbyter's Neſt,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Godly Diſguiſes of Cropping and Shaving,
The different Ear-marks of fooling and Knaving,
Though both can do both for the ſake of Soul-ſaving,
Libera nos Domine.

From a Jeſuit transformed to a Sanctified Elder,
And curſing *Romes* Church to her dear *Hans-en-Kelder*;
From hugging her Frats, and yet hope w'ave expell'd her,
Libera nos Domine.

From the *Maſs* and the Directory bound in one Volumn;
From the *Trent* Conventicle, and the *Dort* What d'e call 'um,
From the Votaries of Saints, and thoſe that *Peter* 'um and *Paul* 'um
Libera nos Domine.

From transforming a Cowl to an *a-la-mode* Jump;
From the Jeſuit's Bucket in the Miniſter's Pump;
From a Repreſentative Monſter, that's all over *Rump*,
Libera nos Domine.

The EPICURE.

LEt us *drink* and be *merry*, dance, *Joke*, and *Rejoce*,
With *Claret* and *Sherry*, *Theorbo* and *Voice*,
The changable World to our *Joy* is unjuſt,
All *Treaſure* uncertain, then down with your duſt.
In Frolicks diſpoſe your pounds, ſhillings, *and* pence,
For we ſhall be nothing a hundred years hence.

Weel kiſs and be free with *Nan*, *Betty*, and *Philly*,
Have *Oyſters*, and *Lobſters*, and *Maids* by the *Belly*;
Fiſh-Dinners will make a *Laſs* ſpring like a *flea*,
Dame Venus (Love's Goddeſs) was born of the *ſea*.
With her and with Bacchus *wee'll tickle the ſenſe*,
For we ſhall be paſt it a hundred years hence.

You

Your moſt beautiful *Bit* that hath all Eyes upon her,
That her *Honeſty* ſells for a hogo of *Honour*;
Whoſe Lightneſs and Brightneſs, doth ſhine in ſuch ſplendor,
That none but the *Stars* are thought fit to attend her.
Though now ſhe be pleaſant and ſweet to the ſence,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoil in Cares and in fears,
Turn all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears?
Let's eat, drink and play till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain, that *poſt mortem nulla Voluptas.*
Let's deal with our Damſels, that we may from thence
Have Broods to ſucceed us a hundred years hence.

The Uſurer that in the *Hundred* takes *Twenty*,
Who *wants* in his *Wealth*, and doth pine in his *Plenty*;
Lays up for a ſeaſon which he ſhall ne'r ſee,
The Year of One thouſand eight hundred and three.
His Wit *and his* Wealth, *his* Law, Learning, *and* ſence,
Shall be turn'd into nothing a hundred years hence.

Your *Chancery Lawyer* who by *Conſcience* thrives,
In ſpinning of *Suits to the length of three* Lives;
Such *Suits* which the Clients do wear out in *ſlavery*,
Whilſt *Pleader* makes Conſcience a *Cloak* for his *knavery*,
May boaſt of his ſubtlety i' th' Preſent Tenſe,
But Non eſt inventus *a hundred years hence.*

Your moſt *Chriſtian Mounſieur* who rants it in Riot,
Not ſuffering his more Chriſtian Neighbours live quiet;
Whoſe numberleſs *Legions* that to him *belongs*,
Conſiſts of more *Nations* than *Babel* has *Tongues*:
Though num'rous as Duſt, in deſpight of defence,
Shall all lie in aſhes a hundred years hence.

We mind not the Counſels of ſuch Bloody Elves,
Let us ſet foot to foot, and be true to our ſelves;
Our Honeſty from our Good-fellowſhip ſprings,
We aim at no ſelfith prepoſterous things.
Wee'll ſeek no preferment by ſubtil pretence,
Since all ſhall be nothing a hundred years hence.

The *SCOTCH Riddle Unfolded, or Reflections upon* R. W. *his moſt Lamentable Balad, called the* Loyal Non-Conformiſt.

STand up *Smectymnuus*, and hear thy tryal
Thy monſtrous *Title* puts me to a pauſe:
Was ever any *Non-Conformiſt* Loyal?
Loves he the *King* that diſobeys his *Laws*?

Yet he can Swear, and yet he fears to Swear;
For Solemn Oaths they muſt have ſacred grounds:
The Oaths of *Scotland* coſt poor *England* dear,
That Swore from *Faith* and *Troth*, to *Blood* and *Wounds*.

Tis truth, old *Boreas* never could blow *Weſt*;
And you may note a *Non-Conformiſt* mouth
What ere he ſayes, what ere he doth proteſt,
Stands (like *Emanuel* Chappel) *North* and *South*.

He fears an *Oath* as *Lawyers* do a *Bribe*,
Though he diſſembles a Religious dread;
For 'tis well known that all that factious *Tribe*,
Swallow'd the Covenant *Hand over head*.

That *Covenant*, in which the People Swore
They knew not what: 'Twas ſuch another thing
As *Satans Oracles*, or *Tarletons Lore*,
That cry'd *Forbear*, yet whiſper'd *Kill the King*.

That *curſed Covenant*, which he that now
Abjures is free; but he that keeps it finds
Himſelf a *Baffled Samſon*, and his Vow
A *Dalilah*, for whom it *binds* it *blinds*.

How vainly do their looſe pretenſes gild
That *Warbeck principle*, call'd *Conſcience*, which,
Like *Jone* of *Arc*, leads Troops into the field,
She ſtiles her ſelf a *Saint*, yet proves a *Witch*.

If

If *Truth* hath any virtue to convince:
If *Pulpits* can ſpeak better things than *Tubs*:
This *Conſcience* owes *Allegiance* to her *Prince*;
The *King* of *Hearts* commands the *Queen* of *Clubs*.

But is't not ſtrange the *Bramble* ſhould defend
Joves ſacred Tree, that lately did aſpire
Not only th' *Ivy* but the *Oak* to rend,
And (like a *Traytor*) ſet the Wood on fire,

Yet talk'd of *Loyalty*; but what he meant
Some Conjurer expound, but to Obey
Moſes and flee from wicked *Korah*'s tent,
Is *Holy Writ*, and not *Apocrypha*.

Nor care I though th' *Apocrypha* were not,
And yet I do beleive that Antient ſtory
Of *Bell* and *Dragon* cannot be forgot,
If there be extant ere a *Directory*.

The *Machabees* ſhall flouriſh like *Italians*,
And after ages ſhall not be bereſt
Of chaſt *Suſanna*, and her *pair* of *Tallions*,
Whilſt we have *Church*, or they have *Elders* left.

What our great *Prelates* doe, and what they'are,
God and the King ſhall queſtion; we're forbid:
Yet they that do the worſt, do better far
Then the *Smectymnuan* party *wiſh* they did.

Their Biſhopricks (againſt the falſe *Kirk*'s will)
Have outliv'd *Sedgwick*'s *Doomes-day*; and I hope
Each *Dioceſs* will keep her *Croſier* ſtill,
And not let ev'ry *Pariſh* have a *Pope*.

What was *St. Peter*'s Office, what his Trade,
The *Goſpel* gives us a more clear Narration;
It doth not ſay his *Fiſhing Nets* were made
Of *Treaſon*, *Sacriledge*, or *Sequeſtration*.

That he nere taught the *Presbyterian way*
Doth well appear by his Divine Epiſtles:
And (though he Preach'd as often as they ſay)
He never Preach'd for *Bodkins*, *Spoons*, and *Whiſtles*.

Peace then foul Mouth's, be ſtill unhallow'd pates;
Make not the *church* the ſubject of your Jeers,
But reckon Dr. *Baſtwick* and his mates
Uncircumcis'd of *heart*, though not of *ears*.

Proud *Presbyters*; remember *Thirty pieces*
Was all the *fees* the *Jews* ere gave your *Patron*:
If *London Sheep* had born no better *fleeces*
Dame *Calamy* had been a *Thread-bare Matron*.

Yet who is't does not think your *ſniveling Brother*,
Would *ſwing his Hankercher* over *Paul's ſteeple*,
And wear as high a Miter as another,
But he's a *Phariſee*, and *fears the People*.

As for *Church Veſtments*, Hemp we will beſtow
On *Snarling Prieſts* that mouth againſt the King,
And he that comes into the Church *by th' Bow*,
'Tis Juſtice that he ſhould go out *by th' ſtring*.

But if the *Gallows* ere ſhould have her right:
As who knows what may be (dear *Smec.* perhaps
'T may be thy day) 'twould be a pretty ſight
To ſee the Hangman wear a *brace of caps*.

Was any of *Pauls* Books or Parchments found
In *Byfields Regiſtry* (my good Divines?)
Although his *Cloak* was long and ſwept the ground,
'Twoud be too ſhort to *cover your deſigns*.

Hence then ye *caterpillars*, Dregs of Men,
Hence *Pulpit Blood-hounds*, hence *Seditious pack*:
Bow Bells ſhall never ſay *Return again*,
Although perhaps the *Ropes* may call ye back,

And

d farwel *Wild*, with all thy learned Meeters,
Posterity shall laugh, and picture thee
n the same Sign with *Archee* and *Hugh Peters*,
And under-write this Motto, *We be three.*

Alas poor Scholar, Whither wilt thou go?
O R
range Alterations which at this time be, here's many did think they never should see.

IN a Melancholy Study,
None but my self,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years Reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf:
Into Learned Rags
I've rent my Plush and Satten,
And now am fit to beg
In *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*;
Instead of *Aristotle*,
Would I had got a Patten.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go

Cambridge now I must leave thee,
And follow Fate,
olledge hopes do deceive me!
I oft expected
To have been elected,
But Desert is reprobate.
Masters of Colledges
Have no Common Graces,
And they that have Fellowships
Have but common Places,
And those that Scholars are
They must have handsom faces:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

I have

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended.
I have preach'd, I have printed
What e'r I hinted,
To pleaſe our *Engliſh* Pope:
I worſhip'd towards the Eaſt,
But the Sun doth not forſake me:
I find that I am falling,
The Northern winds do ſhake me:
Would I had been upright,
For Bowing now will break me:
At great preferment I aimed,
Witneſs my Silk;
But now my hopes are maimed:
I looked lately
To live moſt ſtately,
And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes milk;
But now alas,
My ſelf I muſt not flatter,
Bigamy of Steeples
Is a laughing matter;
Each man muſt have but one;
And Curates will grow fatter.
Alaſs poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Into ſome Country Village
Now I muſt go,
Where neither Tythe nor Tillage
The greedy Patron
And parched Matron
Swear to the Church they owe:
Yet if I can preach,
And pray too on a ſudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure, without ſtudying,
Then ten ponnds a year,
Beſides a Sunday Pudding.
All the Arts I have skill in,
Divine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a Shilling;

Wh

When the Women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And ſay, I am profane:
Once, I remember,
I preached with a Weaver,
I quoted *Auſtin.*
He quoted *Dod* and *Clever*;
I nothing got,
He got a Cloak and Bever:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, Ships, Ships, I diſcover,
Croſſing the Main;
Shall I in, and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheiſt,
Turk, or Papiſt,
To *Geneva*, or *Amſterdam*?
Biſhopricks are void
In *Scotland*, ſhall I thither?
Or follow *Windebank*,
And *Finch*, to ſee if either
Do want a Prieſt to ſhrive them?
O no, 'tis bluſt'ring weather.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,
Peace good-man Fool;
Thou haſt a Trade will fit it;
Draw thy Indenture,
Be bound at adventure
An Apprentice to a Free-School;
There thou mayſt command
By *William Lylies* Charter;
There thou mayſt whip, ſtrip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the Red Rod
Both *Will* and *Tom*, and *Arthur*,
I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.

Dr. Corbets JOURNY *into* FRANCE.

I Went from *England* into *France*,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
nor yet to ride or fence;

Nor did I go like one of thoſe
That do return with half a noſe
they carried from hence.

But I to *Paris* rode along,
Much like *John Dory* in the ſong,
upon a Holy tide.

I on an ambling Nag did jet,
I truſt he is not paid for yet;
and ſpur'd him on each ſide.

And to St *Dennis* faſt we came,
To ſee the ſights of *Noſtre Dame*,
the man that ſhews them ſnaffles:

Where who is apt for to beleeve,
May ſee our Ladies right-arm ſleeve,
and eke her old pantofles;

Her breſt, her milk, her very gown
That ſhe did wear in *Bethlem* town,
when in the Inn ſhe lay.

Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For ſo good cloaths ne're lay in ſtable
upon a lock of Hay.

No Carpenter could by his trade
Gain ſo much coyn as to have made
a gown of ſo rich ſtuff.

Yet they poor fools, think for their credit,
They may believe old *Joſeph* did it,
cauſe he deſerv'd enough.

There is one of the Croſſes nailes,
Which who ſo ſees his Bonnet vails,
and if he will may kneel.

Some ſay 'twas falſe, 'twas never ſo,
Yet feeling it, thus much I know,
it is as true as ſteel.

There is a Lanthorn which the *Jews*,
When *Judas* led them forth, did uſe,
itweighs my weight downright:

But to believe it, you muſt think
The *Jews* did put a candle in't,
and then 'twas very light.

There's one Saint there hath loſt his noſe;
Another's head, but not his toes,
his Elbow and his Thumb.

But when that we had ſeen the rags,
We went to the Inn and took our Nags,
and ſo away did come.

We came to *Paris* on the green:
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'tis *Europes* greateſt Town.

How ſtrong it is I need not tell it,
For all the world may eas'ly ſmell it,
that walk it up and down.

There many ſtrange things are to ſee,
The Palace and great Gallery,
the Palace royall doth excell;

The New Bridge and the Statutes there,
At *Noſtre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,*
the Steeple bears the bell.

For learning th' Univerſitie,
And for old clothes the Frippery;
the houſe the Queen did build.

Saint *Innocentss*, whoſe earth devours
Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
and there the King was kil'd:

The *Boſs-hill* and Saint *Denis* ſtreet,
The *Shaffleniſt* like *London* Fleet,
the *Arſenal*, no toy.

But if you'l ſee the prettieſt thing,
Go to the Court and ſee the King,
O 'tis a hopefull boy.

He is of all his Dukes and Peers
Reverenc'd for much wit at his years,
nor muſt you think it much;

For he with little ſwitch doth play,
And makes fine dirty pies of Clay,
O never King made ſuch.

A bird that can but kill a flie,
Or prate doth pleaſe his Majeſty,
'tis known to every one.

The Duke of *Guiſe* gave him a Parret,
And he had twenty Cannons for it
for his new Galeon.

O that I ere might have the hap
To get the bird which in the Map
is called the *Indian Ruck*.

I'de give it him, and hope to be
As rich as *Guire* or *Livine*,
Or elſe I had ill luck.

Birds about his chamber ſtand,
And he them feeds with his own hand,
'tis his humility.

And if they do want any thing,
They need but whiſtle for their King,
and he comes preſently.

But now then, for theſe parts he muſt
Be enſtiled *Lewis the juſt*,
Great Henry's Lawful Heir;

When to his Stile, to add more words,
They'd better call him *King of Birds*.
then of the great *Navar*.

He hath beſides a pretty quirk,
Taught him by nature, how to work
in iron with much eaſe.

Sometimes to the Forge he goes,
There he knocks, and there he blowes,
and makes both locks and keys:

Which puts a doubt in every one,
Whether he be *Mars* or *Vulcan's* ſon,
ſome few believe his mother.

But let them all ſay what they will,
I came reſolv'd, and ſo think ſtill,
as much the one as th' other.

The people too diſlike the youth,
Alledging reaſons, for in truth,
Mothers ſhould honour'd be:

Yet

Yet others ſay, he loves her rather
As well as ere ſhe lov'd his father,
and that's notoriouſly.

His Queen a pretty little wench,
Was born in *Spain*, ſpeaks little french,
She's nere like to be mother:

For her inceſtuous Houſe could not
Have children which were not begot
by Uncle or by Brother.

Now why ſhould *Lewis*, being ſo juſt,
Content himſelf to take his luſt
with his *Lucina*'s mate;

And ſuffer his little pretty Queen
From all her race, that yet hath been,
ſo to degenerate?

Twere charity for to be known
To love others children as his own,
and why? it is no ſhame;

Unleſs that he would greater be
Then was his father *Henry*,
who, men thought, did the ſame.

The FOUR-LEGG'D QUAKER.

ALl that have two or but one ear,
(I dare not tell ye half)
You of an *Eſſex* Colt ſhall hear
Will ſhame the very *Calf.*
In *Horſley* Fields near *Colcheſter*
A *Quaker* would turn Trooper;
He caught a Foal and mounted her
(O baſe!) below the Crupper.
Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,
O ſend us Knives and Daggers!
For if the Quakers be not gelt
Your Troopes will have the Staggers.

2.

Ralph Green (it was this Varlet's name)
of *Colcheſter* you'll ſwear,
For thence the *Four-legg'd Elder* came,
was ever ſuch a Pair!
But though 'twas foul 'tween *Swaſh* and *Fane*,
yet this is ten times worſe,
For then a Dog did play the Man,
but Man now play'd the Horſe.
Help, &c.

3.

The owner of the Colt was nigh,
(obſerving their Embrace)
And drawing nearer did eſpie
the *Quaker*'s ſorrell Face:
My Foal is raviſh'd (then he cryes,
and fiercely at him ran)
Thou Rogue, I'll have thee halter'd twice,
as Horſe and eke as Man!
Help, &c.

4.

Ah Devil, do'ſt thou tremble? now
'tis ſore againſt thy will;
For Mares and preaching Ladies know
Thou haſt a Colts tooth ſtill:

But mine's not guilty of this Fact,
ſhe was by thee compelled ;
Poor thing, whom no man ever backt
thou wickedly has Bellied.
Help, &c.

5.

O Friend (ſaid *Green*, with ſighs and groans)
let this thy wrath appeaſe !
(And gave him then eight new half-Crowns
to make him hold his peace)
The Man reply'd, though I for this
conceal thy Hugger Mugger,
Do'ſt think it lawfull for a Piece
a ſilly Foal to Bugger ?
Help, &c.

6.

The Maſter ſaw his Colt defil'd,
which vext his ſoul with doubt ;
For if his Filly prov'd with Child
he knew All would come out :
Then he afreſh began to rave,
(for all his Money taking)
Neighbours, ſaid he, I took this Knave,
i'th' very act of *Quaking*.
Help, &c.

7.

Then to the Pinfold (Gaol I mean)
they dragg'd him by the Mane,
They call'd him Beaſt, and call'd her Quean,
as if ſhe had been *Jane*.
O ſtone him (all the Women cry'd)
nay Geld him (which is worſe)
Who ſcorn'd us all and took a Bride
that's Daughter to a Horſe !
Help, &c.

8.

The Colt was ſilent all this while,
and therefore 'twas no Rape,
The virgin Foal he did beguile,
and ſo intends to ſcape :

For

For though he got her in a Ditch
where ſhe could not revolt,
Yet he had no *Scott'ſh Spurr* nor Switch
to ride the willing Colt.
Help, &c.

9.

O *Eſſex*, *Eſſex*, *England*'s pride,
go burn this long-tail'd Quean,
For though the *Thames* runs by thy ſide,
it cannot waſh the clean!
'Tis not thy Bleating Sonn's complaints,
hold forth ſuch wanton courſes,
Thy Oyſters hint the very Saints
to horn the very Horſes.
Help, &c.

10.

Though they ſalute not in the Street
(becauſe they are our Maſters)
'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet
in Meadows, woods, and Paſtures.
But Horſ-men, Mare-men, all and ſome
who Man and Beaſt perplex,
Not only from *Eaſt-Horſly* come,
but from *Weſt-Middle-Sex*.
Help, &c.

11.

This was not GREEN the *Feltmaker*,
nor willow GREEN the *Baker*,
Nor GEORGE the Sea-GREEN *Mariner*,
but RALPH the Graſs-GREEN *Quaker*.
Had GREEN the Sow-gelder but known,
and done his office duly,
Though RALPH was GREEN when he came on,
he had come off moſt blewly.
Help, &c.

12.

Alaſs you know by Man's fleſh came
the *Foul diſeaſe* to *Naples*,
And now we fear the very ſame
is brake into our Stables;

For death hath ſtolen ſo many Steeds
from Prince and Peer and Carrier,
That this new Murrain rather need's
a * FARRAR than a Farrier.
Help, &c.

[* *Phyſician to the Earl of* Pembroke, *who is no Quaker nor Quacker.*

13.

Nay if this GREEN within the Walls
of *Colcheſter* left forces,
Thoſe Cavaliers were Caniballs,
eating his humane Horſes!
But ſome make Man their *ſecond courſe*,
(in cool Blood will not ſpare)
Who butcher Men and favour Horſe
will couple with a Mare.
Help, &c.

14

This *Centaur*, unquoth *Other* thing,
will make a dreadfull Breach:
Yet though an Aſs may Speak or * Sing,
ô let not Horſes Preach!
But Bridle ſuch wild Colts who can
when they'll obey no Summons,
For things begot 'tween Mare and Man
are neither Lords nor Commons.
Help, &c.

[* *A new Sect of young Men and Women who pray, eat, and ſing* ex tempore.

15.

O *Elders*, *Independants* too.
though all your Power's combin'd,
Quakers will grow too ſtrong for you
now Horſe and Man are joyn'd:
While Cavaliers, poor fooliſh Rogues,
know only Maids Affairs,
She-Presbyters can deal with Dogs,
and *Quaking* Men with Mares,
Help, &c.

16.

Now as when *Milan* Town was rear'd,
a Monſtrous Sow untam'd,
With back half Hair half Wool appear'd,
'twas *Mediolanum* nam'd:

So

So *Colchester* must have recourse
to some such four-legg'd Sister,
For sure as *Horsley* comes from Horse
from Colt 'twas call'd *Colchester*,
Help Lords and Commons, once more help,
O send us Knives and Daggers!
For If the Quakers be not gelt
Your Troopes will have the Staggers.

A JOLT on *MICHALEMAS DAY.* 1654.

To Him that hath fool'd
More than Mahomet *could*, &c.

1.

IT fell on a day
When good people say
St. *Michael* beat the Dragon,
My Lord the *Protector*
Did drive (like a *Hector*)
A Coach instead of a Wagon.

2.

Because he did hear
The best Charioteer
Did antiently wear a Crown,
Up went the Horse-heels,
Round round went the Wheels,
'Till his *Highness* came head-long down.

3

He raign'd them so hard
They look'd back and were scar'd
To see him so red and so grim;
Away then they fled,
And though he us'd to lead,
These *new-model'd* Horse would lead Him.

4.

But O how they ſnuff
When his Piſtol flew off,
For which all the Saints ſuſpect him;
Doth Providence attend him,
Thirty thouſand defend him,
Yet a poor Pocket-piſtol protect him?

5.

How many a Hurl
Had poor Mr. *Thurl*——
-Lo! He in the Coach did prank it:
He thought he had ſate
Chief Secretary of State,
But was toſs'd like a Dog in a Blanket.

6.

Nay had they run faſter
Hee'd follow his Maſter
Through all the Scenes of his Mad-ſhow:
A Brewer, a Colonel,
A Preacher, a General,
A Protector, a King—then comes *Bradſhaw*.

7.

They ſlander my *Lord*
With a bug-bear Word,
That he did like *Phaeton* drive;
But his *Highneſs* try'd
Six Horſes to guide,
And *Phaeton* had but *five*.

8.

Mad *Phaeton* hurl'd
Fire all o're the world,
Then dead in a River was found:
But my Lord had no aym
To ſet all in flame,
And never was born to be drown'd.

9

'Twas *Nero* did ſtrive
uch Chariots to drive.
And publickly ſhew'd his Work;

But

But when my Lord ſticks
Up his Bills to ſhew tricks
Hee'l undo th'other *dauncing Turk*,

10.

But if ye look nigh,
There's ſome reaſon why
Theſe Jades did ſo fling and skip,
For though we afford
Him the *power of the Sword*,
He had no command of the *Whip*.

11.

Enthron'd in this Chair
(What a pox did He there?)
He took ſuch Protectory courſes,
He ſeem'd Horſe and Mule,
But 'tis eaſier to rule
Three Kingdoms, than ſix Horſes.

12.

Not a day nor an hour
But we felt his power,
And now he would ſhew his Art:
His firſt Reproach
Is a fall from a Coach,
And his laſt will be from a Cart.

The DISTRACTED PURITAN.

AM I mad? o noble *Feſtus*,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put mee in hope,
To deal with the Pope,
As we las the beſt in the Colledge?
Boldly I preach, hate a Croſs, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rotchets:
Come hear mee pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

In the Houſe of pure *Emanuel*
I had my Education;
Where my friends ſurmiſe
I dazeld mine Eyes,
With the Light of Revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a Bedlam,
They laſh't my four poor quarters:
Whilſt this I endure
Faith makes me ſure
To be one of *Fox*'s Martyrs.
Boldly I Preach, &c.

Theſe injuries I ſuffer
Through Anti-Chriſts perſwaſions:
Take off this Chain,
Neither *Rome* nor *Spain*
Can reſiſt my ſtrong invaſions.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the Beaſt's ten horns (God bleſs us)
I have knock't off three already:
If they let mee alone,
I'le leave him none;
But they ſay I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I ſack'd the Seven-hilld City
I met the great red Dragon:
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery Sword and Tar
There fought I with this Monſter:
But the Sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds miſconſter.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhorſt the whore of Babel
With a Launce of Inſpirations:
I made her ſtink
And ſpill her drink
In the Cup of Abominations.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have ſeen two in a Viſion,
With a Flying Book between them;
I have been in deſpair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading *Greenham*.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I obſerv'd in *Perkins* Tables
The black Lines of Damnation:
Thoſe crooked veins
So ſtuck in my Brains,
That I fear'd my Reprobation
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of *Canaan*
I plac'd my chiefeſt pleaſure:
Till I prickt my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all meaſure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the Arch-Biſhop,
And all the high Commiſſion:
I gave him no Grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd Superſtition.
Boldly I preach, hate a Croſs, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rotchets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

SONG.

I'Le ſing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'll tell you before hand you'l find *nothing* in't.
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I ſlight,
Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by t.
Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, and Men
Did ſtart out of *nothing* a Chaos a Den;
And all things ſhall turn into *nothing* agen.
'Tis *nothing* ſometimes that makes many things hit,
As when fools among wiſe men do ſilently ſit,
A fool that ſays *nothing* may paſs for a wit.
What one man loves is another mans loathing:
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing'
And both do in the concluſion love *nothing*.
Your Lad that makes love to a delicate ſmooth thing,
And thinking with ſighs to gain her and ſoothing,
Frequently makes much ado about *nothing*.
At laſt when his Patience and Purſe is decaid,
He may to the bed of a whore be betraid;
But ſhe that hath *nothing* muſt needs be a maid.
Your ſlaſhing, and clathing, and flaſhing of wit,
Doth ſtart out of *nothing* but fancy and fit;
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been writ.
When firſt by the ears we together did fall,
Then ſomething got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it ſhall.
That Party that ſeal'd to a Cov'nant in haſte,
Who made our three Kingdoms and Churches lie waſte,
Their project and all came to *nothing* at laſt,
They raiſed an Army of horſe and of foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and root;
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* would doet
The Organ, the Altar and Miniſters clothing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot ſuch a loathing,
That he muſt needs raiſe a petty new *nothing*,

And

And when he had rob'd us in ſanctifi'd clothing,
erjur'd the people by faithing and trothing;
t laſt he was catch't, and all come to *nothing*.
In ſeveral Factions we quarrel and brawl,
iſpute, and conte nd, and to fighting we fall;
ll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.
When war, and Rebellion, and plundring grows,
he mendicant man is the freeſt from foes;
or he is moſt happy hath *nothing* to loſe.
Brave *Cæſar*, and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Gooſe follows Gander,
Nothing can ſay to an action of ſlander.
The wiſeſt great Prince, were he never ſo ſtout,
hough conquer'd the world, and gave mankind a rout;
id bring *Nothing* in, nor ſhall bear *nothing* out.
Old *Noll* that aroſe to High-thing from Low-thing
brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
ſeven years ſpace was both All-things and *nothing*.
Dick (Olivers heir) that pitiful ſlow-thing,
Who once was inveſted with Purple clothing,
ands for a Cypher, and that ſtands for *nothing*.
If King-killers bold are excluded from bliſs,
ld *Bradſhaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
ad better been *nothing*, than what now he is.
Blind Colonel *Hewſon*, that lately did crawl
o lofty degree from a low Coblers ſtall,
id bring all to *nothing* when Aul came to Aul.
Your Gallant that rants it in delicate clothing,
hough lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
ys Landord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.
The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
hen Death doth arreſt him and bear him away,
the General Bar will have *nothing* to ſay.
Whores that in ſilk were by Gallants embrac't,
a rabble of Prentices lately were chac't,
hus courting and ſporting comes to *nothing* at laſt.
If any man tax me with weakneſs of wit,
nd ſay that on *nothing* I *nothing* have writ,
hall anſwer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

And

Yet

Yet let his diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very word *nothing* ſhall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.
Let every man give the Poet his due;
Cauſe then 'twas with him, as now it's with you,
He ſtudy'd it when he had *nothing* to do.
This very word *nothing* if took the right way,
May prove advantagious, for what would you ſay,
If the Vintner ſhould cry, there's *nothing* to pay.

Dr. *THOMAS FULLERS'S CHIDING WIFE.*

SOme men they do delight in Hounds,
And ſome in Hawks take pleaſure,
Others joy in war and wounds
And thereby gain great Treaſure.

Some they do love on Sea to ſail,
Others rejoyce in Riding,
But all Judgments do's them fail,
There's no ſuch Joy as *chiding*.

When in the Morn I ope mine Eyes
To entertain the Day,
Before my Husband he can riſe,
I *chide* and then I pray.

When at the board I take my place,
What ever be the Meat,
I firſt do *chide* and then ſay Grace,
If ſo diſpos'd to eat.

Too Fat, too Lean, too Hot, too Cold,
I ever do complain,
Too raw, too roſt, too young, too old,
Faults I will find or fain,

Let

Let it be Fowl, or Fleſh, or Fiſh,
It never ſhall be ſaid,
But I'll find fault with Meat or Diſh,
With Maſter or with Maid.

But when to bed I go at Night,
I heartily do weep,
For then I part with my delight,
I cannot *chide* and ſleep.

Yet this my Grief doth mitigate,
And muſt aſſwage my ſorrow,
Although to Night it be too late,
I'll Early *chide* to Morrow.

The Claret Drinkers SONG.

A Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of late,
What a pother and ſtir has it kept in the State;
Let the Rabble run mad with Suſpicions and Fears,
Let 'em ſcuffle and Jarr, till they go by the Ears;
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my Pate,
While I can but enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were thoſe, who would barter their Eaſe,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Maſs?
For Old *Tiburn* they never had needed to ſwing,
And they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A friend and a Bottle is all my Deſign,
There's no room for Treaſon, that's top-full of Wine.

Mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as his Majeſty pleaſe;
Let 'em damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, ſo alive I have Wine.
Tho' oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
To Curſe 'em, for making my Claret ſo dear.

I mind not grave Aſſes, who idly debate
About Right and Succeſſion, the Trifles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deſerves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who ſhall come after.
Come here's to his health, and I wiſh he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and Monſieur *d' Avaux*;
What concerns it my Drinking if *Caſſall* be ſold,
If the Conqueror takes it by ſtorming or Gold;
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France* that aſpires to Renown,
By dull Cutting of Throats and vent'ring his own:
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches and treat,
To afford News-mongers and Coffee houſe chat:
He's but a brave Wretch, whil'ſt I am more free,
More ſafe, and a thouſand times happier than he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
Or come Faggot and Stake, I care not a Groat:
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat;
No I ſwear Mr. *Fox* pray excuſe me for that,
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profeſſion that never will alter.

The Delights of the Bottle.

THe Delights of the Bottle, and Charms of good Wine.
To the Pow'r and the pleaſures of Love muſt Reſign:
Though the night in the joyes of good Drinking be paſt,
The Debauches but till the next morning do laſt;
But Love's great Debauch is more laſting and ſtrong,
For that often laſts a Man all his life long.

Love, and Wine, are the Bonds, that faſten us all,
The World but for theſe, to Couſuſion would fall:
Were it not for the pleaſures of Love, and good Wine,
Mankind, for each trifle, their lives wou'd Reſign;
They'd not value dull life, nor wou'd live without thinking,
Nor Kings Rule the World, but for Love and good Drinking,

The CAVALIERS SONG.

HE that is a cleer
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although
His ſubſtance grow
So very low
That he can not drink wine.

Fortune is a laſs
Will embrace
And ſoon deſtroy;
Free born,
In libertie
We'l ever be,
Singing *vive le roy.*

Vertue

Vertue is its own reward,
And Fortune is a whore,
There's none but fools and Knaves regard her
Or her power implore.

He that is a truſty Roger
And hath ſerv'd his King,
Although he be a tatterd Souldier,
Yet he will skip and Sing,
Whilſt he that fights for love
May in the way of Honour prove,
And they that make ſport of us,
May come ſhort of us,
Fate will flatter them,
And will ſcatter them,
Whilſt the Royalty,
Looks upon Loyalty,
We that live peaceably,
May be ſucceſsfully,
Crown'd with a Crown at laſt.

But a real honeſt man
May be utterly undone,
To ſhow his allegiance,
His love and obedience,
But that will raiſe him up,
Virtue weighs him up,
Honour ſtays him up,
And we'l praiſe him up,
Whilſt the fine Courtier dine,
With his full bouls of wine,
Honour will make him faſt.

Freely let's be then
Honeſt men,
And kick at fate,
We
May live to ſee
Our Loyaltie
Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a word
Or a ſword,
'Gainſt the Throne,
Or doth prophanely prate
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.

Chorus.

What though Plummers, Painters, and Players,
Be the proſperous men,
Yet wee'l attend our own affairs,
When we come to't agen.
Treachery may be fac't with light,
And leachery lin'd with furr,
A Cuckold may be made a Knight,
'Tis fortune *de la gar*;
But what is that to us, boys!
That now are honeſt men?
Wee'l conquer and come agen,
Beat up the drum agen,
Hey for Cavliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers.
Dub a dub dub,
Have at old *Belzebub*,
Oliver ſtinks for fear.
Fiſt-Monarchy muſt down Bullies
And every Sect in Town,
Wee'l rally, and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen,
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantararara*,
This is the life of an honeſt poor Cavalier.

A New SCOICH Song.

YOung *Femmy* was a Lad,
Of Royal Birth and Breeding:
With every Beauty clad,
And every Swain exceeding;
A Face and ſhape ſo wondrous fine,
So charming every part,
That every Laſs upon the Green,
For *Femmy* had a heart.

In *Femmy*'s powerful Eyes
Young Gods of Love were playing,
And in his face their lies
A thouſand ſmiles betraying,
But Ah! he dances with a grace,
None like him e're was ſeen:
No God that ever fancied was,
Had ſo divine a meen.

To *Femmy* every Swain
Did lowly doff his Bonnet:
And every Laſs did ſtrain,
To praiſe him in her Sonnet:
The pride of all the youths he was,
The glory of the Groves:
The pleaſure of each tender Laſs,
The theam of all their Loves.

But Ah unlucky fate,
Ah Curſe upon Ambition:
The buſie Fops of ſtate,
Hath ruin'd his condition:
For glittering hopes have left his ſhade,
His glorious hours are gone:
By flattering Knaves and Fools betray'd
Poor *Femmy* is undone.

The TAVERN SONG.

THe Gentry to the *Kings-head*,
The Nobles to the *Crown*,
The Knight unto the *Golden-Eleece*,
And at the *Plow* the Clown.

The Churchman to the *Miter*,
The Shepherd to the *Star*,
The ſubtle Gard'ner to the *Roſe*,
And at th' *Drum* the man of War.

To the *Feathers* Ladies go, the *Globe*
The Seamen do not ſcorn,
The Uſurer to the *Devil*,
And the Citizen to the *Horn*.

The Huntſman to the *White-hart*,
To the *Ship* the Merchants go;
But thoſe that do the *Muſes* love,
To the *Swan* call'd River *Poe*.

The Banquerout to the *Worlds end*,
The Fool to the *Fortune* hie,
Unto the Mouth the *Oyſter wife*,
The Fidler to the *Pye*.

The Punk unto the *Cockatrice*,
The Drunkard to the *Vine*,
The Begger to the *Buſh*,
And with *Duke Humphry* to Dine.

AGLEE to BACCHUS.

By Ben. Johnſon.

B*Acchus, Iacchus*, fill our brains
As well as Bowls with ſprightly ſtrains.

Let Souldiers fight for pay and praiſe,
And money be the Miſers wiſh,
Poor Scholars ſtudy all their dayes,
And Gluttons glory in their diſh.
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives ſad ſouls,
Therefore give me the chearing bowls.

Let Minions marſhal in their hair,
And in a Lovers Lock delight,
And artificial Colours wear,
We have the Native red and white.
'Tis Wine pure Wine, &c.

Your Pheaſant pout, and culver Salmon,
And how to pleaſe your pallets think,
Give us a ſalt *Wheſt-Phalia-Gammon*,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.
'Tis Wine pure Wine, &c.

It makes the backward ſpirit brave,
That lively, that before was dull;
Thoſe grow good Fellows that are grave,
And kindneſs flows from cups brim full.
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Some have the Tiſſick, ſome have Rheume,
Some have the Palſey, ſome the Gout;
Some ſwell with fat, and ſome conſume,
But they are ſound that drink all out.
'tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Some

Some men want Youth, and ſome want health,
Some want a Wife, and ſome a Punck;
Some men want wit, and ſome want wealth,
But he wants nothing that is drunk.
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, Iacchus, fill our Brains,
As well as Bowls with ſprightly ſtrains.

On a PINT of SACK.

By Mr. Tho. Randall.

OLd Poets Hypocrin admire,
And pray to water to inſpire
Their wit and Muſe with heavenly fire;
Had they this Heav'nly Fountain ſeen,
Sack both their Well and Muſe had been,
And this Pint-Pot their Hypocrin.

Had they truly diſcovered it
They had (like me) thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit;
And had ador'd Sack as divine,
And made a Poet God of Wine,
And this Pint-Pot had been a ſhrine.

Sack unto them had been inſtead
Of Nectar, and there heav'nly bread,
And ev'ry Boy a Ganimed;
Or had they made a God of it,
Or ſtil'd it patron of their wit,
The Pot had been a Temple fit.

Well then Companions is't not fit
Since to this Jemm we owe our wit,
That we ſhould praiſe the Cabinet:
And drink a health to this divine,
And bounteous pallace of our Wine:
Die he with thirſt that doth repine.

In the praiſe of WINE.

'Tis Wine that inſpires,
And quencheth Loves fires,
Teaches fools how to rule a State;
Maids ne're did approve it,
Becauſe thoſe that do love it,
Deſpiſe and laugh at their hate.

The drinkers of beer
Did ne're yet appear
In matters of any weight;
'Tis he whoſe deſign
Is quickn'd by wine
That raiſes things to their height.

We then ſhould it prize
For never black eyes
Made wounds which this could not heal;
Who then doth refuſe
To drink of this Juice,
Is a foe to the Common-weal.

On a Chine of BEEF.

By Mr. Tho. Flatman.

A Chine of Beef, God ſave us all!
Far longer than the Butchers Stall,
And ſturdier than the City wall;
For this held out untill the foe
By dint of Blade, and potent blow,
Fell in Pell-mel, that did not ſo.

With

With Stomachs ſharper than their Knives
They lay'd about them for their lives;
Well *Eaſt-Cheape* men beware your Wives:
Inraged weapons ſtorm'd it round
Each wreaking from an open wound,
That in its own Gravy it ſeem'd drown'd.

Magnanimous Fleſh! that did not fall
At firſt aſſault or ſecond mall,
But a third time defieſt them all;
What ſtrength may fates decrees revoke?
It was ordain'd this ſhould be broke,
Alaſs! in time the ſturdy Oak.

What goodly Ruines did appear,
What Bulwarks, Spondals are there here,
What Palizado Ribs are there;
The bold monument ſtern Death defies,
Inſcribed thus to mirth, here lies
A Trophey, and a Sacrifice.

Councell to a Batchellor.

HE that Marries a merry Laſs
He has more cauſe to be ſad,
For let her go free in her merry tricks,
She'l work his patience mad.

But he that Marries a Scold, a Scold,
He has more cauſe to be merry,
For when ſhe is in her fits, he may cheriſh his wits
With Singing hey down a derry.

He that weds a Roring Girl
That will both ſcratch and fight,
Though he ſtudy all day to make her away,
will be glad to pleaſe her at night.

But he that Marries a ſullen wench,
Which ſcarce will ſpeak at all,
Her doggedneſs more than a Scold or a Whore
Will penetrate his Gall.

He that Marries with a Turtle-Dove
That has no ſpleen about her,
Shall waſte ſo much life in love of his wife,
He had better be without her.

Advice to a Friend upon his Marriage.

TO Friend and to Foe, to all that I know
That to Marriage Eſtate do prepare,
Remember your days in ſeveral ways
Are troubled with ſorrow and care:
For he that doth look in the Married mans book
And read but his *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come, at length to a ſum
Which ſhall empty Purſe, Pocket and Coffer.

In the paſtimes of love, when their labours do prove,
And the fruit beginneth to kick,
For this and for that, and I know not for what,
The Woman muſt have or be ſick:
There's *Item* ſet down for a looſe-bodyed Gown,
In her longings you muſt not deceive her;
For a Bodkin a Ring, or the other fine thing,
For a Whisk, a Scarf or a Beaver.

Deliver'd and well, who is't cannot tell
Thus while the Child lyes at Nipple,
There's *Item* for Wine, and Goſſips ſo fine,
And Sugar to ſweeten their Tipple;
There's *Item* I hope for Water and Sope,
There's *Item* for Fire and Candle,
For better for worſe, there's *Item* for Nurſe
The Baby to dreſs and to dandle.

When

When ſwadled in lap, There's *Item* for pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan and Ladle;
A Coral with Bells, which cuſtom compels,
And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle:
With twenty odd knacks which the little one lacks,
And thus doth thy pleaſure bewray thee:
But this is the ſport in Country and Court,
Then let not theſe paſtimes betray thee.

A SONG.

1.

NOw, now the *Tory*s all ſhall ſtoop,
Religion, and the law's,
And *Whiggs* of Commonwealth get up
To tap the good old cauſe:
Tantivey boys ſhall all go down,
And haughty Monarchy,
The Leather Cap ſhall brave the Crown,
Then hey boys up go we.

2.

The name of Lord ſhall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
What reaſon then in Church or ſtate,
One man ſhould rule another:
Thus having pill'd and plundred all,
And levelled each degree,
We'l make their plump yonng daughters fall,
And hey Boys upgo we.

3.

What though the King and Parliament
Cannot accord together,
We have great cauſe to be Content,
This is our Sun ſhine weather:
For if good reaſon ſhould take place,
And they ſhould both agree,
Zound's who wou'd be in a roundheads Caſe,
For hey then upgo we.

4. We'l

4.

We'l down with both the Univerſities,
Where Learning is profeſt,
For they teach and do maintain
The Language of the Beaſt,
We'l rout that Antichriſtian Crew,
And all Formalities,
We'l make a Pulpit of a Cask,
And hey then up go we.

5.

We'l break the Windows which the whore
Of *Babylon* has painted,
And when the Biſhop's are pull'd down,
Our Elders ſhall be ſainted,
Thus having quite Enſlaved the Town,
Pretending to make free,
At laſt the Gallow's Claym's her own,
A laſs then up go we.

A SONG.

LEt the Traytors plot on
Till at laſt they'r undone,
By hurting their brains to decoy us;
We whoſe hearts are at reſt,
In our Loyalties bleſt
What *Demon* or power can annoy us.

Ambition like Wine,
Does the Senſes Confound,
And Treaſon's a damnable thing;
Then let him that thinks well
See his brimmer go round,
And pray for the ſafety
And Life of the King.

Let

Let *Cæsar* live long, Let *Cæsar* live long,
For ever be happy, and ever be young,
And he that dares hope
To Change King for a Pope,
Let him dye, whilst *Cæsar* lives long.

How happy are we when our thoughts are all free,
And blest in a sacred Obedience,
While the Politick fool that's Ambitious to Rule,
Still baukes at the Oath of Allegiance;
He trembles and flees from his numerous foes,
Like a Dear that the hunters surround,
Whilst we hate all that would Monarchy depose,
Make the Joyes of our hearts like our Glasses abound,
Let *Cesar* live long, *&c.*

IGNORAMUS.

An Excellent new Song.

1.

SInce Reformation
With *Whig*'s in Fashion,
There's neither Equity nor Justice in the Nation.
Against their Furies,
There no such Cure is,
As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus-Furies*.
Compaction of Faction,
That breeds all Distraction,
Is at the Zenith point, but will not bear an action.
They sham us, and flam us.
And ram us and damn us,
And then, in spight of Law, come off with Ignoramus.

2.

Oh, how they Plotted,
Birminghams Voted,
And all the *Mobile* the holy cause promoted.

They

They preach'd up Treaſon,
At every ſeaſon,
And taught the Multitude Rebellion was but reaſon,
With Breaches, Impeaches,
And moſt Loyal Speeches,
With Royal Blood again to glut the thirſty Leeches.
They ſham us and flam us, &c.

3.

'Tis ſuch a *Fury*
Wou'd paſs no *Tory*,
Were he as Innocent as a Saint in Glory:
But let a Brother
Raviſh his Mother,
Aſſaſſinate his King, he wou'd find no other.
They ſhamed, and blamed,
At Loyaliſts aimed;
But when a *Whig*'s repriev'd, the Town with Beacons flamed.
They ſham us and flam us, &c.

4.

This *Ignoramus*
With which they ſham us,
Wou'd find againſt a *York*, to raiſe a *M—th*-amus.
VVho cleats a Traytor;
And a King Hater
Againſt his Lawful Prince wou'd find ſufficient matter.
They ſought it, and wrought it,
Like Rebels they fought it,
And with the price of Royal Martyrs bloud they bought it.
They ſham us, and flam us, &c.

5.

At the *Old-Baily*
VVhere Rogues flock daily,
A greater Traytor far then *Coleman*, *White*, or *Staley*,
VVas late Indicted,
VVitneſſes cited,
But then he was ſet free; ſo the King was righted.
'Gainſt Princes, Offences
Prov'd in all ſenſes;
But 'gainſt a *Whig* there is no Truth in Evidences.
They ſham us, and flam us, &c.

6. But

6.

But wot you what, Sir,
They found it not, Sir;
'Twas ev'ry Jurors Caſe, and there lay all the Plot, Sir.
For at this ſeaſon,
Shou'd they do reaſon,
Which of themſelves ſhou'd ſcape, if they found it Treaſon?
Compaſſion in faſhion,
The Int'reſt of th' Nation:
Oh, what a Godly point is ſelf preſervation!
They ſham us, and damn us, &c.

7.

'Las what is Conſcience
In *Baxter*'s own ſenſe,
When Intereſt lies at ſtake, an Oath and Law is Nonſenſe.
Now they will banter
Quaker and *Ranter*,
To find a Royaliſt, and clear a Covenanter.
They'l wrangle and brangle,
The ſoul intangle,
To ſave the Traytors Neck from the old Triangle.
They ſham us, and ſham us &c.

8

Alaſs! for Pity
Of this good City,
What will the *Tories* ſay in their Drunken Ditty?
When all Abetors,
And Monarch Haters,
The Brethren damn'd their Souls to ſave malicious Traytors.
But mind it, long winded,
With perjudice blinded,
Leſt what they did reject, another Jury find it.
Then ſham us, and ſham us,
And ram us and damn us,
When againſt King and Law you find an Ignoramus.

A Song

A Song

The Mad Lover.

HE that will court a wench that is Coy,
That is proud, that is peevish and Antick;
Let him be as careleſs to ſport and to toy,
And as wild as ſhe can be frantick:
Flatter her and ſlight her,
Laugh at her and ſpight her,
Rail and commend her again;
'Tis the way to woe her,
If you mean to do her;
Such Girles love ſuch men.

He that will court a wench that is milde,
And that is ſweet of behaviour,
Let him gently woe her,
And not roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her Favour:
Give her Kiſſes plenty,
She'l take them were they twenty,
Stroak her and Kiſs her again;
'Tis the way to woe her,
If you mean to do her,
Soft Girls love milde men.

He that will court a wench that is mad,
That will ſqueak and cry out if you hand her,
Let him friſk and fling, and make the houſe to ring,
'Tis the only way to command her:
Take her up and towze her,
Give her Kiſſes and rouſe her,
Rayl and commend her again,
'Tis the way to woe her,
If you mean to do her,
Such Girles love wild-men.

A Song,

The doubtful lover Reſolv'd.

FAin would I love but that I fear,
I quickly ſhould the willow wear;
Fain would I marry, but men ſay
When love is try'd he will away:
Then tell me Love what I ſhall do
To cure theſe fears when e're I woe.

The fair one ſhe's a mark to all,
The Brown one each doth lovely call,
The Black a Pearl in fair mens eyes,
The reſt will ſtoop to any prize:
Then tell me Love what I ſhall do
To cure theſe fears when e're I woe.

Reply.

Go Lover, know it is not I
That wound with fear or jealouſie;
Nor do men feel thoſe ſmarts
Untill they have confin'd their hearts,
Then if you'l cure your fears, you ſhall
Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but All.

A Song,

The Merry Lover.

I Love thee for thy Fickleneſs
And great inconſtancie,
For had'ſt thou been a conſtant Laſs,
Then thou had'ſt ne're lov'd me.

I love

I love thee for thy VVantoneſs
And for thy drollerie;
For if thou had'ſt not lov'd to ſport,
Then thou had'ſt ne're lov'd me.

I Love thee for thy Poverty
And for thy want of Coin;
For if thou had'ſt been worth a groat
Then thou had'ſt ne'r been mine.

I love thee for thy Uglineſs
And for thy Foolerie,
For if thou had'ſt been fair or wiſe
Then thou had'ſt ne're lov'd me.

Then let me have thy Heart a while,
And thou ſhalt have my Money,
I'le part with all the wealth I have
T' enjoy a laſs ſo Bonny.

CATCHES.

CATCHES.

DRink, drink, all you that think
To cure your ſouls of ſadneſs;
Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack,
All worldy care is madneſs:
Let Lawyers plead, and the Scholars read,
And Sectaries ſtill conjecture;
Yet we can be as merry as they
With a Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

Let Gluttons feed and Souldiers bleed,
And fight for reputation:
Phyſicians are fools, to fill up cloſe ſtools,
And cure men by purgation.
Yet we have a way far better than they,
Which *Galen* could never conjecture,
To cure the head, nay quicken the dead,
With a cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

We do forget we are in debt
When we with liquor are warmed;
We dare out-face the Sergeant's Mace
And Martial Troops though armed.
The *Swediſh* King much Honour did win,
And valiant was as *Hector*;
Yet we can be as valiant as he,
With a cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

Let the worlds ſlave his comfort have
And hug his hoards of treaſure,
Till he and his wiſh meet both in a diſh,
So dies a Miſer in pleaſure.
Tis not a fat farm our wiſhes can charm,
We ſcorn this greedy conjecture;
'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend
This cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

The Pipe and the Pot, are our common ſhot,
Wherewith we keep a quarter,
Enough for to choak with fire and ſmoak
The great *Turk* and the *Tartar*.
Our faces are red, our Enſignes ſpread,
Apollo is our Protector;
To rear up the Scout, to run in and out,
And drink up this cup of Nectar.

2 *Catch.*

If any one ſo wiſe is, that Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink his ſmall beer and be ſober,
Whileſt we drink Sack and ſing, as if it were ſpring,
He ſhall droop like the Trees in *October*.
But be ſure over night, if this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to ſettle your head,
Take a hair of his tayl in the Morning:
And be not ſo ſilly, to follow old *Tilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us,
Let his *Ne-aſſueſcas* be put in his cap-caſe,
And ſing *bi-bi-to vinum Jejunus*.

3 *Catch.*

What are we met? come let's ſee
If here's enow to ſing this Glee;
Look about, count your number,
Singing will keep us from crazy ſlumber;
1, 2, and 3, ſo many there be that can ſing,
The reſt for wine may ring:
Here is *Tom*, *Jack* and *Harry*,
Sing away and do not tarry,
Merrily now let's ſing, carouſe and tipple,
Here's *Briſtow* Milk, come ſuck this nipple,
There's a fault Sir, never halt Sir, before a cripple.

4 *Catch.*

What if we drink, let no man think
There's Treaſon in the Cup,
'Gainſt the King is not any thing, 'tis a plot
To blow our ſorrows up.

Ne're charge pure wine with ſuch deſign,
'Tis too noble, fill the Glaſs,
Let's be free without fear, Loyalty liveth here,
In *vino veritas.*

5 *Catch.*

The thirſty Earth drinks up the Rain,
And Drinks and gapes for Drink again;
The Plants ſuck in the Earth, and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair;
The Sea it ſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten Thouſand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup.

The buſie Sun, and one would gueſs,
By's Drunken fiery Face no leſs,
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars Drink up the Sun;
They Drink and Dance by their own light,
They Drink and Revel all the night;
Nothing in Nature's ſober found,
But an eternal health goes round.

(Cho.) *Fill up the Bowl and fill it high,*
Fill all the Glaſſes here, for why
Should every Creature Drink but I?
Why man of Morals, tell me why!

Mr. A. Cowley.

6 *Catch.*

Beſs black as a Charcole,
Was found in a dark hole,
With *Kit*, at the *Cat and the Fiddle*;
But what they did there,
None ſafely can ſwear,
Yet Gentlemen Riddle my Riddle.

'Troth I would be loth,
Were I put to my oath,
To ſwear *Kit* with *Beſs* did ingender;
Yet it would tempt a man,
Bridle all that he can,
His preſent wiſhes do tender.

But it was found at laſt,
E're twelve-months were paſt,
That *Chriſtopher*, *Beſs* had ore maſter'd,
For betwixt either Thigh
He quartered ſo nigh,
She brought him a Jolly brown Baſtard.

7 *Catch.*

Fy, nay, prethee *John*, do not quarell man,
Let's bemerry, and drink a bout;
You are a rogue, you cheated me,
Ile prove before this company,
I care not a Farthing for all you are ſo ſtout;
Sir you lye, I ſcorn your words,
Or any man that wears a Sword,
For all you huff who cares a turd,
Or who cares for you.

8 *Catch.*

Oh the bonny *Chriſtchurch* Bells, 1 2 3 4 5 6;
They ſound ſo wond'rous great,
So woundy ſweet,
And they troul ſo merrily, merrily.
Oh! the firſt and ſecond Bell,
That every day at Four and Ten, cry,
Come, come, come, come come to Pray'rs;
And the *Virger* troops before the *Dean*, (Beerers home;
Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the ſmall Bell at Nine, to call the
But the Dev'l a Man
Will leave his Can
'Till he hears the mighty *Tom*.

9 *Catch to the Tune of the Chriſt-Church Bells.*

Hark, the merry *Tinker*'s crew, *Nell*, *Doll*, *Moll*, *Kate* and *Sue*;
They ſwig ſuch wond'rous Ale,
So woundy ſtale;
And they Chat ſo merrily, merrily.
Hark, the bawling Brats do cry
Along the Streets, as you paſs by,
Oh, good Sir, pray Sir, one Farthing;
And thus the Bantlings never lin. (*Doxies* home;
Tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, goes the Frying-pan, to call the
But the Dev'l a Jade
Will leave her Trade,
'Till the mighty *Tinker*'s come.

10 *Catch to the ſame Tune.*

Oh the Presbyterian Whiggs
That taught us firſt theſe *Scotiſh* Jiggs:
Look how they Strut
Like Cock in a Rut
And they crow ſo merrily, merrily.

But Oh! this *Oxford, Oxford* Town!
Our Clubs and Treats, will be run down
The *Fleece*, the *Mitre*, we shall want
The *Castle* and the *Elephant*!
Yet still we live in hope
That we shall scape the Rope
And pull the Lawn sleeves down;
If *Honi Soit*
Get not a Doit
Till we're sure that he's our own.

11 *Catch to the former Tune.*

See how Charming *Celia* lyes upon her Bridal bed;
Ther's no such Beauty at Court,
She's fit for the sport;
And she looks so lovely white and red.
After the first and second time
The Bridgroom gin's to slack his pace,
But she cry's come, come, come, come to me;
And lay thy Cheek close to my face.
Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the Bell to the Bed, whilest common (time they keep:
With a parting kiss
They end their bliss,
And so retire to sleep.

12 *Catch.*

He're's a Health to the King,
Down let it fall,
There goes Ocean Shipps and all;
Drawer make haste and quickly provide
A Fresh supply to maintain this Tide;
Then let it go round without controul,
'Tis the Kings Health drink off your boul.

13 *Catch.*

When *Judith* had laid *Holofernes* in Bed,
She pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head:
The reason is plain, he'd have made her his Whore;
So she cut off his Head, as I told you before, as I told you before.

14 *Catch.*

14 *Catch.*

Joan has been Galloping, Galloping, Galloping,
Joan has been Galloping all the Town o're,
'Till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle,
Untill her Bumfiddle was wonderous ſore;
Without e're a Saddle upon her old Jade,
To fetch her good Man from the Alehouſe Trade.

15 *Catch.*

Tom Folly's Noſe I mean to abuſe;
Thy jolly Noſe *Tom* provokes my Muſe:
Thy Noſe jolly *Tom*, that ſhines ſo bright,
I'le eaſily follow it by its own light.
Thy Noſe *Tom Folly*, no Jeſt it will bear,
Although it yields Matter enough, and to ſpare
But *Folly Tom*'s Noſe, for all he can do,
Breeds Worms in it ſelf, and in our Heads too:
Tom's Noſe, jolly *Tom*'s Noſe,
The more it is batter'd, the more it glows.
Then drink to *Tom Folley* a cooling glaſs,
Or jolly *Tom*'s Noſe will fire his Face.

16 *Catch.*

Do you ſee this Cup of Liquor
How invitingly it looks,
'Twill make a Lawyer prattle quicker,
And a Scholar burn his books:
'Twill make a Cripple for to caper,
And a dumb man clearly ſing;
'Twill make a Coward draw his Rapier,
Here's a health to CHARLES our King.

If that here be any Roundhead
That refuſe this Health to pledg,
I wiſh he was then confounded,
Underneath ſome rotten hedg:
And the *Frenchman* overtake him,
And upon his face appear;
And his wife a Cuckold make him
By ſome jovial Cavalier.

17 *Catch.*

Here's that will challenge all the Fair;
Come buy my Nuts and Damsons my Burgamy Pears:
Here's the Whore of *Babilon*, the Devil, and the Pope?
The Girl is just a going on the Rope.
Here's *Dives* and *Lazarus*, and the worlds Creation;
Here's the *Dutch* Woman, the like's not in the Nation:
Here is the Booth where the tall *Dutch* Maid is;
Here are Bears that Dance like any Ladies.
To-to-to-tot goes the little peny Trumpet;
Here's your *Jacob Hall* that can Jump it, Jump it:
Sound Trumpet, sound, a Silver Spoon and Fork;
Come here's your dainty Pig and Pork.

18 *Catch.*

Come let us drink,
And never think,
For Care kills a Cat;
But Wine makes us Fat.
Here's a Health to the noble Commanders within,
Our Admiral's Friends, who will part with their Skin
For Loyalty and Honour, whose worth we sing,
To clear up our Throats for a Health to the King.

19 *Catch.*

Now happily met, let's cast away Care,
And each Man unto Mirth himself prepare;
Let all that are Plotters be kick'd like a Ball,
And tumbling down, break their Necks in the fall;
While we who are Loyal do pray for our King,
That long he may Reign, in Peace and Plenty, let's sing.

20 *Catch.*

A Pox on the Jaylor, and on his fat Jole ;
Ther's Liberty lies in the bottom o'th' Bowl:
A Fig for what ever the Raſcal can do ;
Our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are ſo too,
Then drink we a round in deſpite of our Foes,
And make our hard Irons cry Clink in the cloſe.
Then laugh we, and quaff we, until our rich Noſes
Grow Red, and conteſt with our Chaplets of Roſes,

21 *Catch.*

Here's a Health to his Majeſty with a Fa la la, &c.
Converſion to his Enemies with a Fa la la, &c.
And he that will not pledge this Health,
I wiſh him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a Rope to hang himſelf with a Fa la la, &c.

22 *Catch.*

Let's Love and let's Laugh, let's dance and let's ſing,
While ſhrill Eccho's ring, our wiſhes agree
And from Cares we are free, then who is ſo happy as we.

We'l preſs the ſoft graſs, each Swain with his Laſs,
And follow the Chaſe, when weary we be
We ſleep under a Tree, then who is ſo happy as we.

By flatt'ry or fraud, no Shepherds betray'd
Or cheats the fond Maid. no falſe ſubtle knee
To deceive us we ſee, then who is ſo happy as we.

We envy no pow'r, they cannot be poor
That wiſh for no more, ſome richer may be
And of higher degree, bnt none are ſo happy as we.

23 *Catch.*

When a woman that's Buxom a dotard does wed,
'Tis a madneſs to think ſhe' lbe ty'd to his bed;
For who can reſiſt a Gallant that's young,
And a man A-la-mode in his Garb and his Tongue;
His looks have ſuch Charms and his Language ſuch force,
That the drowſie Mechanick's a Cuckold of Courſe.

24 *Catch.*

Come lay by your cares, and hang up your ſorrow,
Drink on, he's a ſot that ere thinks of to morrow;
Great ſtore of good Clarret ſupply's every thing.
And the man that is drunk is as great as a King;
Let none at Misfortunes or Loſſes repine,
But take a full doſe of the Juice of the Vine;
Diſeaſes and Troubles are ne're to be found,
But in the damn'd place, where the glaſs go's not round.

25 *Catch.*

Ile drink off my Bottle each night for my ſhare,
But as for a Miſtris I'le never take care;
The one makes me Jolly and ever more gay,
But a Miſtreſs deſtroys in ſporting and play;
She drains all my blood, till I look juſt as pale
As a Theif that's half ſtarved long kept in a Jayl;
In feebles my Nerves and doth ſhorten my life,
And Empties my pockets, and ſo doth a wife.

Then women make Aſſes of thoſe that you can
Ile find out a Comrade, ſome Jolly brave man;
Where in our full Glaſſes, we'l laugh and we'l jeſt,
And perhaps for diverſion we'l drink to the beſt.

26 *Catch.*

26 *Catch.*

We'l laugh and we'l Sing
And be merry as grigs,
We'l be true to the King
And a fart for the Whigs.

27 *Catch.*

I love a glaſs of ſparkling wine
'Tis that which gives us life,
'Tis that which makes our noſes ſhine
And frees our heart from ſtrife:
'Tis that alone will baniſh care
And ſet our fancies free;
Let others doat upon the fair,
Good fellow here's to thee.

OLD JEMMY.

[1]

OLd *Jemmy* is a Lad
Right lawfully deſcended;
No *Baſtard* born nor bred,
Nor for a *Whig* ſuſpended:
The True and lawful Heir to th' Crown,
By Right of Birth and Laws,
And bravely will maintain his own,
In ſpight of all his Foes.

[2]

Old *Jemmy* is the Top
And Chief amongſt the Princes;
No *Mobile* gay Fop,
With *Birmingham* pretences:
A Heart and Soul ſo wondrous great,
And ſuch a conqu'ring Eye,
That every Loyal Lad fears not
In *Jemmy's* Cauſe to die.

Old

[3]

Old *Jemmy* is a Prince
Of Noble Reſolutions,
Whoſe Powerful Influence
Can order our Confuſions:
But Oh! He fights with ſuch a Grace,
No force can him withſtand;
No God of War but muſt give place
Where *Jemmy* leads the Van.

[4]

To *Jemmy* every Swain
Does pay due Veneration;
And *Scotland* does maintain
His Title to the Nation.
The Pride of all the Court he ſtands,
The Patron of his Cauſe,
The Joy and hope of all his Friends,
The Terror of his Foes.

[5]

Maliciouſly they Vote,
To work Old *Jemmy*'s Ruin,
And zealouſly promote
A Bill for his undoing:
Both Lords and Commons moſt agree
To pull His Highneſs down;
But ('ſpight of all their Policy)
Old *Jemmy*'s Heir to th' Crown.

[6]

The Schiſmatick and Saint,
The *Quaker* and the Atheiſt,
Swear by the *Covenant*,
Old *Jemmy* is a *Papiſt*;
Whilſt all the Holy Crew did plot
To pull His Highneſs down,
Great *Albany* the Noble *Scot*
Did raiſe unto Renown.

[7]

Great *Albany* they ſwear,
He before any other,
Shall be immediate Heir
Unto his Royal Brother,

ho will, in ſpight of all his Foes,
His Lawful Rights maintain,
d all the Fops that interpoſe,
Old *Femmy's York* again.

[8]

e *Whigs* and Zealots Plot
To baniſh him the Nation,
t the Renowned *Scot*
Hath wrought his Reſtauration.
ith high Reſpects they treat his Grace,
His Royal cauſe maintain;
ave *Albany* (to *Scotland's* Praiſe)
Is Mighty *York* again.

[9]

ainſt his envious Fates
The *Kirk* hath taught a Leſſon,
Bleſſing on the States,
To ſettle the Succeſſion.
hey real were, both Knight and Lord,
And will his Rights maintain,
Royal Parliament reſtor'd
Old *Femmy's* come again.

[10]

d now He's come again,
In ſpite of all Pretenders,
reat *Albany* may Reign
Amongſt the Faiths Defenders.
t *Whig* and *Birmingham* repine;
They ſhew their Teeth in vain,
he Glory of the *Britiſh* Line,
Old *Femmy's* come again.

SONG

On NEW-BEDLAM.

I

THis is a Structure fair,
Royally raiſed;
The pious Founders are
Much to be praiſed,
That in ſuch times of need,
When Madneſs doth exceed,
To build this Houſe of Bread,
Noble *New-Bedlam.*

II.

Tis beautiful and large
In Conſtitution,
Deſerves a Liberal Charge
Of Contribution.
If I may reach ſo high,
To ſing a Prophecy,
Their Names ſhall never dye
That built *New Bedlam.*

III.

Methinks the Lawyers may
Conſult together,
And Contribute, for they
Send moſt Men thither;
They put 'um to much pain,
With Words that cramp the brain,
Till *Bedlam*'s fill'd with Plaintiff
And Defendant.

IV.

Quacking Phyſicians ſhou'd
Give Money freely,
They maculate Mens blood,
And make them ſilly;
With *Hydragargyrum* Pills,
Their Reaſons and their Wills
They ruine, and this fills
Moſt part of *Bedlam.*

V. S

V.

So good a Work as this,
Cannot want Actors;
But I' ll no more insist
On Benefactors,
But hint such as I see
Hypochondriack be,
And are in some degree
Fit for *New Bedlam.*

VI.

That Amorous Soul that is
In Love a Quaker,
And doth adore a Miss
More than his Maker,
Decks her in Silk and Furr,
Then turns Idolater,
Kneels down and Worships her,
He's fit for *Bedlam.*

VII.

The young Man that has got
A golden Talent;
And hath a brain-sick Plot
To seem a Gallant;
That richly is array'd,
Spends Land, and Shop, and Trade,
To be a *Hector* made;
Is fit for *Bedlam.*

VIII.

The City-Lad that sings,
Rhimes, drolls and dances,
And all his business flings
Away for Fancies;
He that lets his Angels fly,
'Til he's not worth one Peny,
To study Poetry,
Is fit for *Bedlam.*

IX.

Whil'st some with Brandy burn
Their Guts with drinking,
Philosophers do turn
Their Heads with thinking;

He who is such a one,
As studies for the Stone,
Til's Brains and his Money's gone;
Prepares for *Bedlam.*

X.

That Churl who Gold hath won,
And dares not use it;
But hath a squandring Son
Doth game and lose it:
His Brains doth greatly err;
He that with Water cleer
Would fill a Colander
Must do't in *Bedlam.*

XI.

He that with an Estate
Weds a poor Beauty,
Who to Disdain and Hate,
Turns Love and Duty;
It doth his Reason daunt
He has a Bargain on't,
Worse than the Elephant,
And's fit for *Bedlam.*

XII.

I could tell many more,
(I have enroll'd um)
Should I declare my store,
As I have told um;
With Morter, Brick and Stone,
Could they their Building run
From thence to *Islington,*
'Twould never hold um

F I N I S.

3 AU 73
MUSEUM

ADDITIONAL NEW SONGS AND CATCHES.

SONGS.

The Character of a WHIGG.

I.

A Whigg is a vermin of monſtrous Nature,
'Tis the ſpawn of Sedition, the Devil of a Creature,
That ſwims on the Land, and crawls on the Water.

II.

Whoſe Conſcience is ſtill at defiance with Law,
Though he cringes to thoſe that keep him in awe;
Yet for King, or for Countrey, he cares not a ſtraw.

III.

He makes it his buſineſs new brawls to create,
Like powder, ſtill upwards to fly in his face :
And ne're in affection to jump with the State.

IV.

Three Kingdoms already, he once has undone;
He murder'd the Father, and ſtruck at the Son:
And he'l ever drive on the deſigns he has begun.

V.

When once he's engag'd in behalf of the Kirk,
No villany ſpares he, to drive on his work :
He lives like a Traytor, and dyes like a Turk.

VI.

His Religion's Rebellion, daub'd over and painted
Neither better, nor worſe, than a Devil be-Sainted :
The Gallows and he, ſhould be better acquainted.

He's hot for Religion, though his be to chooſe,
For Property bawler, having nothing to looſe;
We ſhall never be well, till his neck's in a Nooſe.

A New SONG.

I.

WHen firſt I fair *Celinda* knew,
Her kindneſs then was great,
Her eyes, I could with pleaſure view,
And friendly rayes did meet.
In all Delight, we paſt the Time,
That could diverſion move;
She oft would kindly hear me Rhime,
Upon ſome others Love.

II. But

II.

But ah! at laſt I grew too bold,
Preſt by my growing flame;
For when my Paſſion I had told,
She hated then my name.
Thus I that could her friendſhip boaſt,
And did her love purſue;
Am taught contentment at the coſt,
Of Love and friendſhip too.

A New SONG of the KINGS *Health.*

COme my Hearts,
Play your parts;
With your Quarts,
See none ſtarts:
For the Kings Health is a drinking.
Then to's Highneſs:
See there Wine is,
That has paſt the Teſt;
For thoſe Healths require the Beſt.
They that ſhrink,
For their Chink,
From their Drink,
We will think
Of Treaſons are a thinking.
Pox upon 'um,
Let us ſham 'um
As we would Cut-throats:
Or the Pious Doctor *Oats.*

Could they but bend the Laws
To the good Old Cauſe,
What plundering
Should we have of the Princes,
And our Nobles,
And our Biſhops?
But Heaven will confound 'em,
And their damn'd Deſigns: *Amen.*

A New SONG.

WOuld you have at your Devotion
Young fop *Whiggs* that love to prate
Take a dram of *Tony's* Notion
In a Coffee Diſh of State.
If that poiſon will not warm ye,
Richards Tea, will do the thing,
There are States-men will inform ye
How to live without a King.

A SONG.

I.

THe Pox, the Plague, and each Diſeaſe,
Are cur'd, though they invade us;
But never look for Health and Peace,
If once Presbytery Jade us.

II.

When every Prieſt becomes a Pope,
Then Tinkers, and Sow-Gelders
May, if they can but ſcape the Rope,
Be Princes, and Lay-Elders.

III. If

III.

If once the Kirk-men pitch their Tents,
With our Aſſembly-Aſſes;
Synods will eat up Parliaments,
Courts be devoured by Claſſes.

IV.

Look to't Gentry, elſe be Slaves
To Slaves that can't abide ye;
Though ye have been cow'd down by Knaves,
O let not fools now ride ye.

At a Countrey Wedding; A SONG by a Clown.

GOD's hartly wounds, Iz'e not to Plowing, not I Sir,
Becauſe I hear there's ſuch brave doings hard by Sir;
Thomas the Minſtril, he's gone twinkling before Sir,
And they talk, there will be two or three more Sir;
Who the Rat can mind, either Bayard or Ball Sir,
Or any thing at all Sir, for thinking of drinking i'th Hall Sir.
E'gad not I, let Maſter fret it, and ſtorm it;
I am deſolv'd, I'm ſure there can be no harm in't:
Who would loſe the ſight of the Laſſes and Pages;
And pretty little *Sue*, ſo true, when ſhe ever engages.
E'gad not I, I'd rather loſe all my wages.

There's my Lord has got the curiouſeſt Daughter,
Look but on her, ſhe'll make the chops on ye water.
This is the day the Ladies are all about her;
Some to feed her, ſome to dreſſe her and clout her:
Ud's bud, ſhe's grown the ſeateſt, the neateſt, the ſweeteſt
The pritty littles't rogue, & all men do ſay the diſcreeteſt

There's ne're a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,
But muſt give place, ſince Mrs. *Betty's* Creation:
She's ſo good, ſo wi ty, ſo pretty to pleaſe you;
So charitable, kind, ſo courteous & lo ing and eaſie,
That I'le be bound to make a Maid of my Mother
If *London* Town, can e're ſend down ſuch another.

Next my Lady, and all her gallant Apparel,
Iz'e not forget the thumping, thundering Barrel;
There's ſuch drink the ſtrongeſt head cannot bear it,
'Twill make a fool of Sack, or White-wine, or Clarret;
And ſuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good fellows
May tipple off their Cups, until they lye down on their
(Pillows:
Then hit off thy frock, & don't ſtand ſcratching thy head
(ſo,
For thither I'le go Cod's woons, becauſe I have ſaid ſo.

A SONG in the laſt revived Play called, The Jovial Crew, or the BONNY-BEGGARS.

I.

THere was a Jovial Begger,
He had a wooden Leg;
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg:
And a begging we will go, will go, will go,
And a begging we will go.

II. A

II.

A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt:
And a pair of Crutches
To ſhew that he can halt,
And a begging, *&c.*

III.

A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his ſide,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, *&c.*

IV.

To *Pimblico* we'll go,
Where we ſhall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a Can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, *&c.*

V.

And when we are diſpos'd
To tumble on the Graſs,
We'ave a long patch'd Coat
To hide a pretty Laſs.
And a begging, *&c.*

VI.

Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Maſter *Wild*,

He taught me to beg
When I was a Child.
And a begging. *&c.*

VII.

I begg'd for my Maſter,
And got him ſtore of Pelf;
But *Jove* now be praiſed,
I now beg for my ſelf.
And a begging, *&c.*

VIII.

Within a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, *&c.*

IX.

Of all Occupations,
A Begger lives the beſt;
For when he is a weary.
He'll lye him down and reſt,
And a begging, *&c.*

X.

I fear no Plots againſt me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When the Beggers live ſo well.
And a begging, *&c.*

A SONG.

A SONG.

TEll me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart ſurrender;
Faith and Troth I love thee ſoundly;
'Twas I that was the firſt pretender.
Ne're ſay nay, nor delay,
Here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too;
All that's mine, ſhall be thine,
Body and Goods at thy command too;

II.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fye! I think the Devils in you,
To kiſs a body ſo as you do!
What d'ye do? let me go,
I can't abide ſuch fooliſh doing;
Get you gone, naughty Man,
Fye! is this your way of Wooing?

A HEALTH.

LEt th'ambitious ſoar high on the Wings of Renown,
And mount like blind Birds, to come tumbling down:
Let Lover's pale Face his ſick Fortune declare;
Let Traiterous Stateſmen the Rabble enſnare,
Wine's all my Ambition, my Love, and my Care.
In Brimmers each Man ſhall drink Loyally round,
Till his Fancies in'th'Air, and himſelf on the Ground.
Our Hats down before us for Pillows wee'll fling,
Where Punies ſhall ſleep whileſt the Able do ſing,
All health, all health to the Duke and the King.

CATCHES:

CATCHES.

A New CATCH, To the Tune of There dwels a prety Maid: *In three Parts.*

THere are a Crue of Rogues, infeſt the Town,
Would undermine the Crown:
The Whiggs, the Whiggs, the Whiggs,
The Whiggs I mean, Let all true *Britains* ſing;
They may be hangd, may be hang'd, may be hang'd,
May be hang'd; And ſo *God ſave the King.*

2. *A New Catch, to the tune of* Tom Farmers *Maggot.*

O *London*! O *London*! how comes it of late
There's ſuch debating of matters of State;
Of talking of warring, & jarring among your ſelves;
'Tis the way to be quite all undone.
A pox on the politick Rogue that begun
To rail, and ſcribble, and put forth Libel
'Gainſt Monarch, and Matters beyond your view;
In prying in things where you have nothing to do:
'Tis wondrous pity, ſo great a City,
Should ever be peſter'd with ſuch a Crew.

3. *A*

3. *A new Catch in three Parts.*

Trowl, trowl, trowl, trowl
Prethee good Butler, fill the brown Bowl;
If thou fill'ſt it of the beſt,
I wiſh in Heaven, thy Soul may reſt:
If thou fill'ſt it of the ſmall,
The Devil take Butler, Bowl and all.

4. *A new Catch in three Parts.*

From twenty to thirty, good-night, & good-morrow;
From thirty to forty, good night, or good-morrow.
From forty to fifty, as oft as ye ſhift ye;
From thence to threeſcore, once a Month, and no more.

5. *A new Catch.*

Have you not in a Chimney ſeen,
A Faggot that is moiſt and green;
How it doth weep, and with its tears,
Sends its complaints unto our ears:
So fares it with a tender Maid,
When firſt upon her Back ſhe's laid;
But dry Wood, like the experienc'd Dame,
Cracks, and rejoyces in the flame.

6. *A Catch.*

Although jolly *Tom*, great Fame thou haſt won,
Thy bloody red Noſe ſhall look paler e're long:
For the rate that we drink at,

Each

Each night ſtill procures
Such Noſes, as quite wou'd diſcountenance yours,
And when the large Bumpers float round in the cloſe;
Wee'l deſpiſe thee, and ſwear 'tis my Arſe of a Noſe.

7. *A new Catch.*

Some ſay, the Plot goes on;
And ſome, for Rebellion hope:
But wee'll combine, to drink good wine
In ſpight of *Phanatick*, or *Pope*.
Jack Presbyter huff's and dings,
And dirt on the Church he flings:
The Citizens ſwear, They want but a Mayor
To make them do wondrous things:
But a Curſe on all Rogues and Fools,
Sure we're not all ſuch Owl's,
That twice in an age, they can ever engage
The Nation to damn their Souls.

8. *A new Catch.*

Now *England's* great Council's aſſembled,
To make Laws for all *Engliſh* born free-men;
Since 'tis dangerous to prate of matters of State;
Let's handle our Wine, and our Women.
Let's drink to the Senats beſt thoughts,
For the good of the King and Nation;
May they dig on the ſpot, as deep for the Plot,
As the *Jeſuits* have laid the Foundation.
A Pox of all Zealots, and Fools,
And each ſilly Proteſtant hater;
Better turn Cat-in Pan,

And

And live like a man, than be Hang'd
And dye like a Rogue, or a Traitor.

9. *A new Catch.*

When I was young, I then had no wit:
'Tis a great while a-goe, and I have none yet;
I think I ſhall ner'e have none till I dye,
For the longer I live, the more Fool am I.

10. *A new Catch.*

My Wife has a Tongue, as good as e're twang'd,
At every word, ſhe bids me be hang'd
She's ugly and old,
And a curſed Scold.
With a damnable *Nunquam Satis*,
For her Tongue and her Tail,
If ever they fail,
The Devil ſhall have her *gratis*.

11. *A new Catch.*

As I went over *Tawny* Marſh,
There I met with a Tawny Laſs;
Tawny Hoſe, and Tawny Shoon,
Tawny Petticoat, Tawny Gown.
Tawny Brow, and Tawny Face;
Thy Tawny Noſe in her Tawny A—.

12. *Epitaph on two Abbey-Lubbers.*

Ud's niggs; Here liggs *John Diggs*, & *Richard Digger*;
And to ſay the truth, none knew which was the bigger:
They

They fared well, and lived eaſie,
And now they'r dead, an't ſhall pleaſe you.

13. *A new Catch.*

Once in our lives, let us drink to our Wives,
Though the number of them is but ſmall:
God take the beſt, and the Devil take the reſt,
And ſo we ſhall be rid of them all.

14. *A Catch.*

Since the Duke is Return'd, wee'll defie all the Whiggs,
And let them be hang'd for politick Priggs,
Both Presbyter *Jack*, and all the whole Crew,
That lately deſign'd Forty One to renew.
Make room for the men that never deny'd
To *God ſave the King* and the *Duke*, they reply'd;
Whoſe Loyalty ever was fix't with that Zeal,
Of voting down Schiſm, and proud Common-weal.
Then bring up a Pottle, we'll Huzza the Glaſs,
And drink off a Bottle, each man in his place:
'Tis a health to the *Duke* Boy, give me my meaſure;
The fuller the Glaſs is, the greater the pleaſure.

15. *A Catch.*

Who comes there? ſtand! Who comes there? ſtand!
And come before the Conſtable,
We'll know what you are:
What makes you out ſo late?
Says the mid-night Magiſtrate,
With a Noddle full of Ale;

In

In a wooden Chair of State.
Whence come you Sir,
And whither do you go?
You may be Sir a *Jeſuit* for ought I know.
You may as well take me for a *Mahometan.*
He ſpeaks *Latin*, ſecure him;
He's a dangerous man.
To tell you the truth Sir, I am an honeſt *Tory*,
But here's a Crown to drink,
And there's an end of the ſtory.
Good-morrow Sir, a civil man is alwayes welcome;
Go *Barnaby Bounce*, light the Gentleman home.

16. *A Catch.*

Let Angels guard our Great Maſter,
And ſtill attend him with care:
To keep his life from diſaſter,
His Reign from Faction and War;
To bring thoſe Villains down under us,
Who with true Proteſtant Blunder-bluſs
Aim at the King.

17. *A Catch.*

A health to the Nut brown Laſs
With the Hazel Eyes, let it paſs:
She that hath good Eyes, hath good Thighs,
Let it paſs, let it paſs.

As much to the lively Gray
They're as good by night, as day:

She